NO. 14

BLONDE PHANTOM

COMICS

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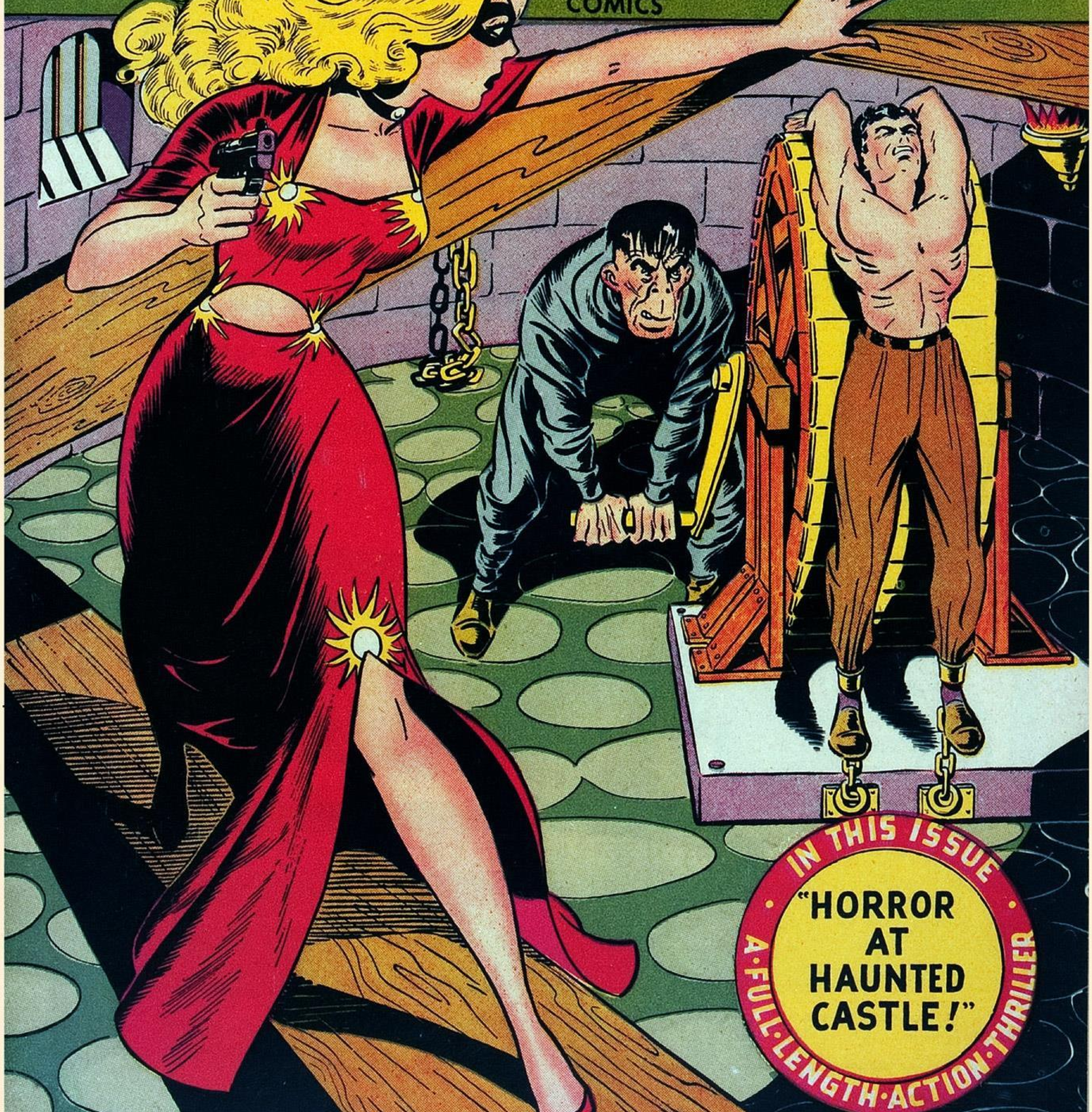
IN THIS ISSUE
"HORROR AT HAUNTED CASTLE!"
A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

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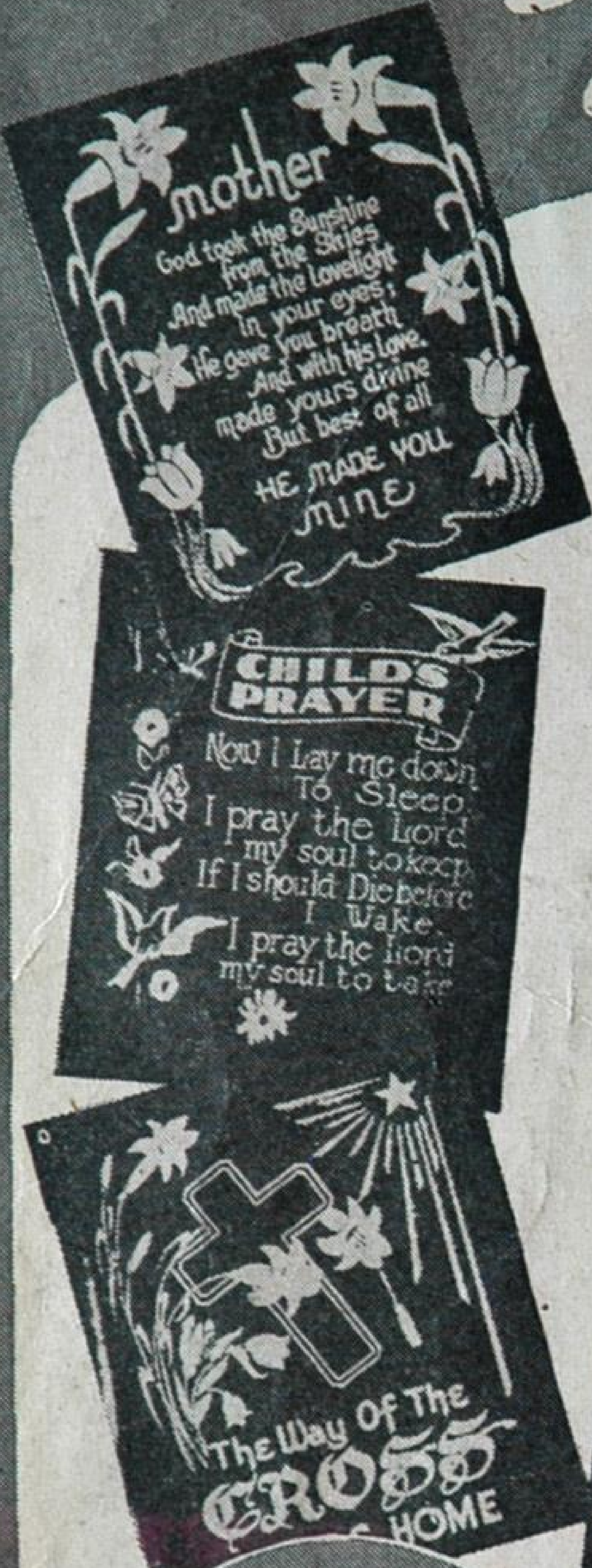
mother
God took the Sunshine from the Skies
And made the Lovelight in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with his Love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU MINE
CHILD'S PRAYER
Now I lay me down To Sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
The Way Of The CROSS
HOME

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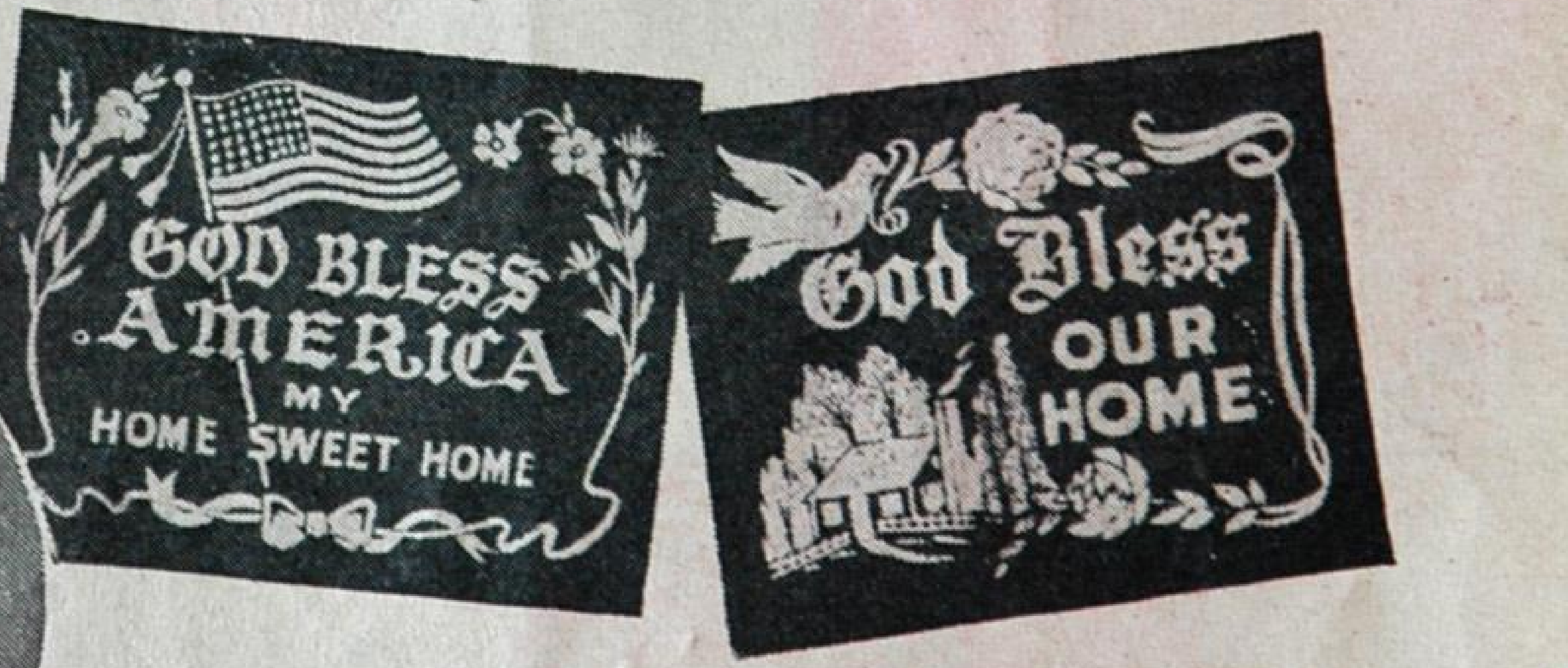
GOD BLESS AMERICA
MY HOME SWEET HOME
God Bless OUR HOME

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

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Dept. MC-6

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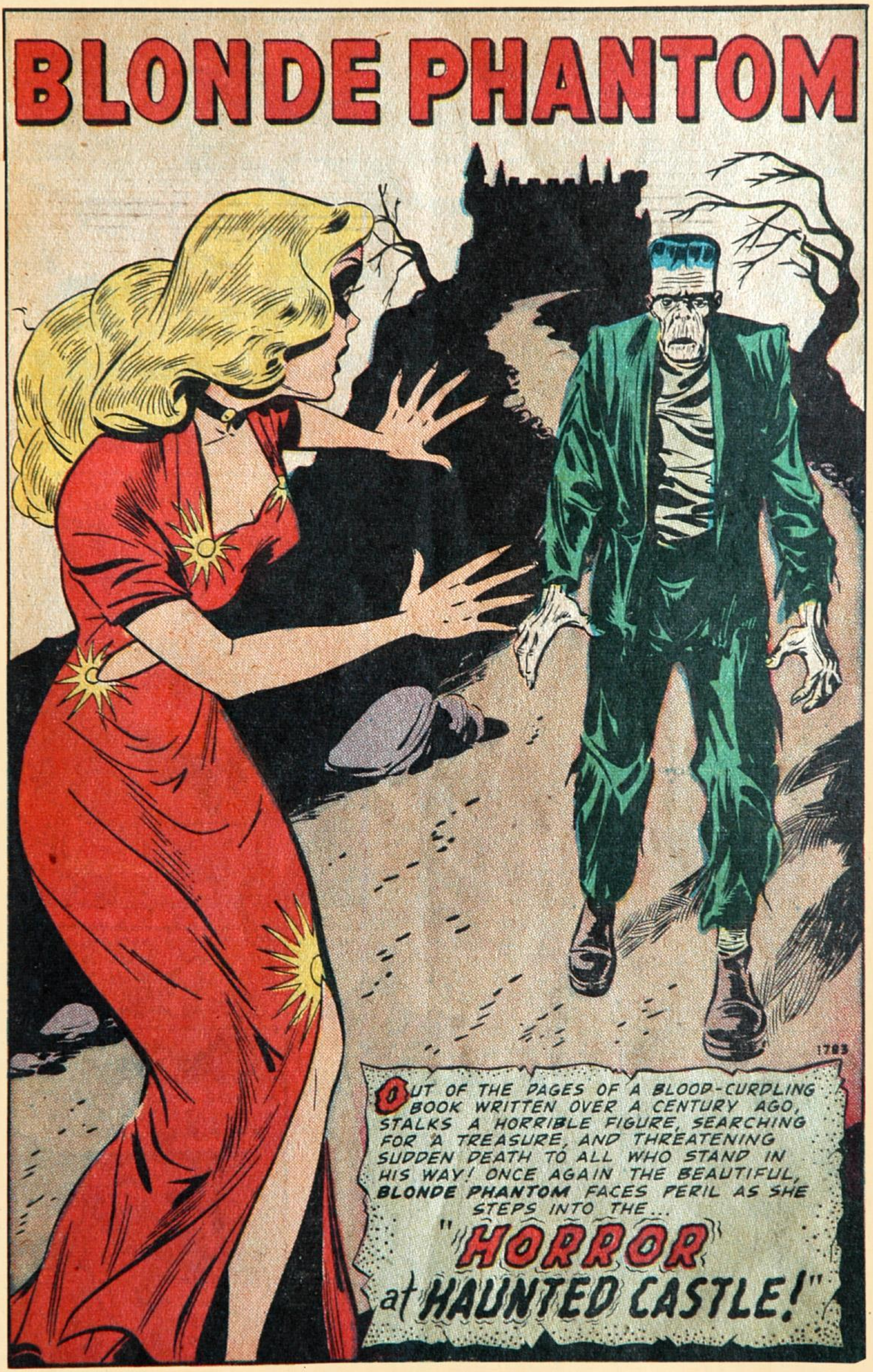
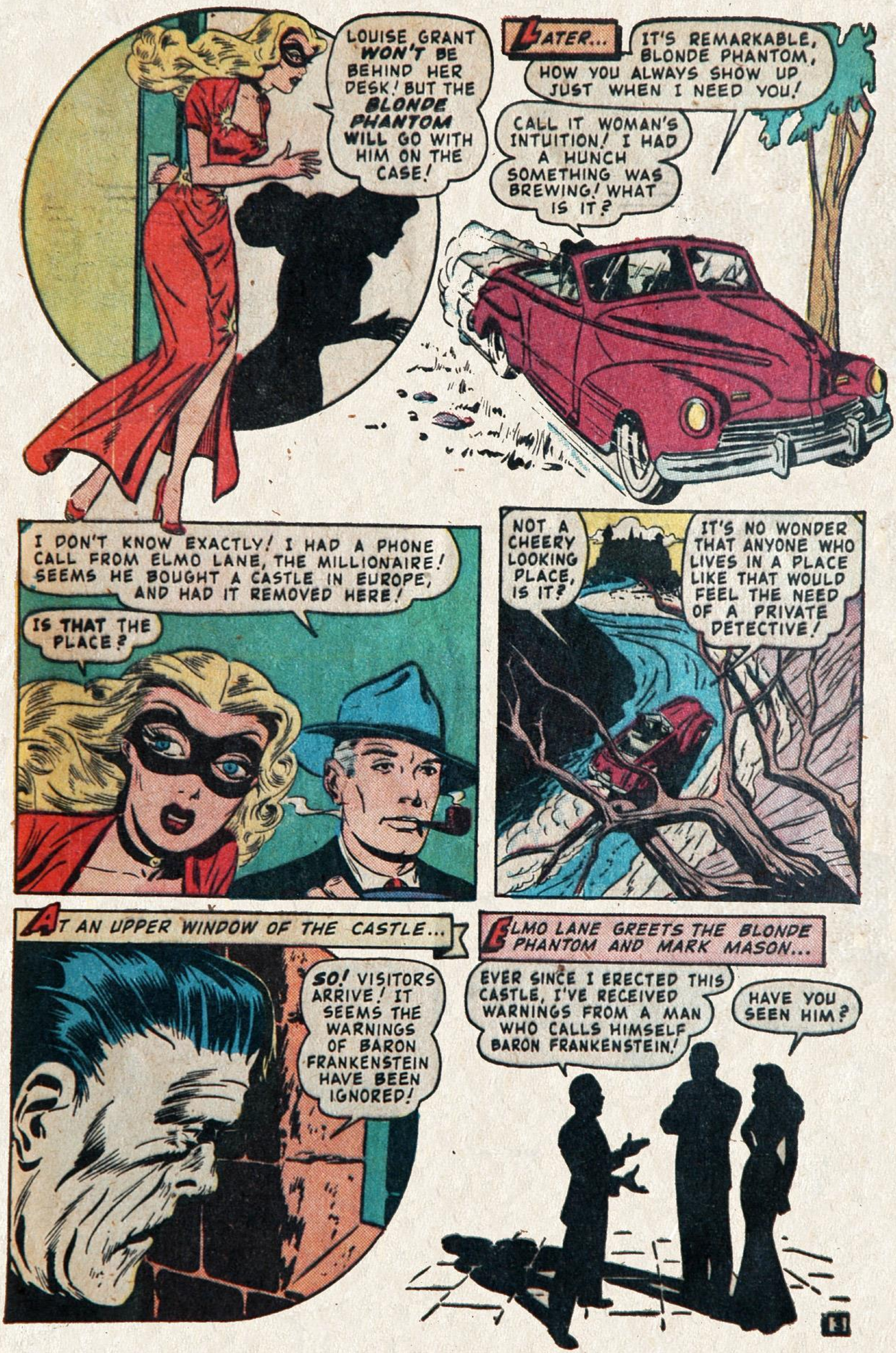
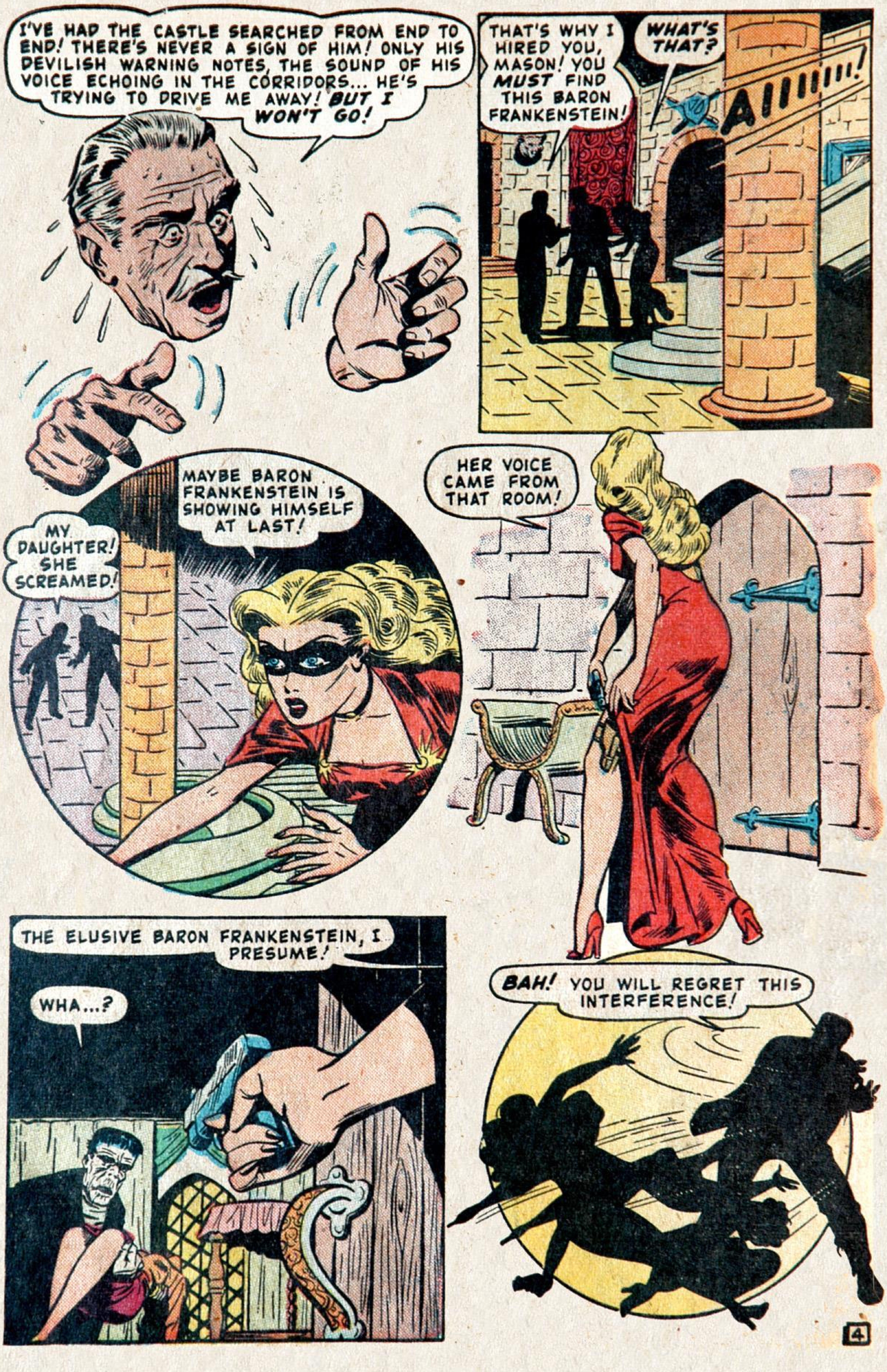
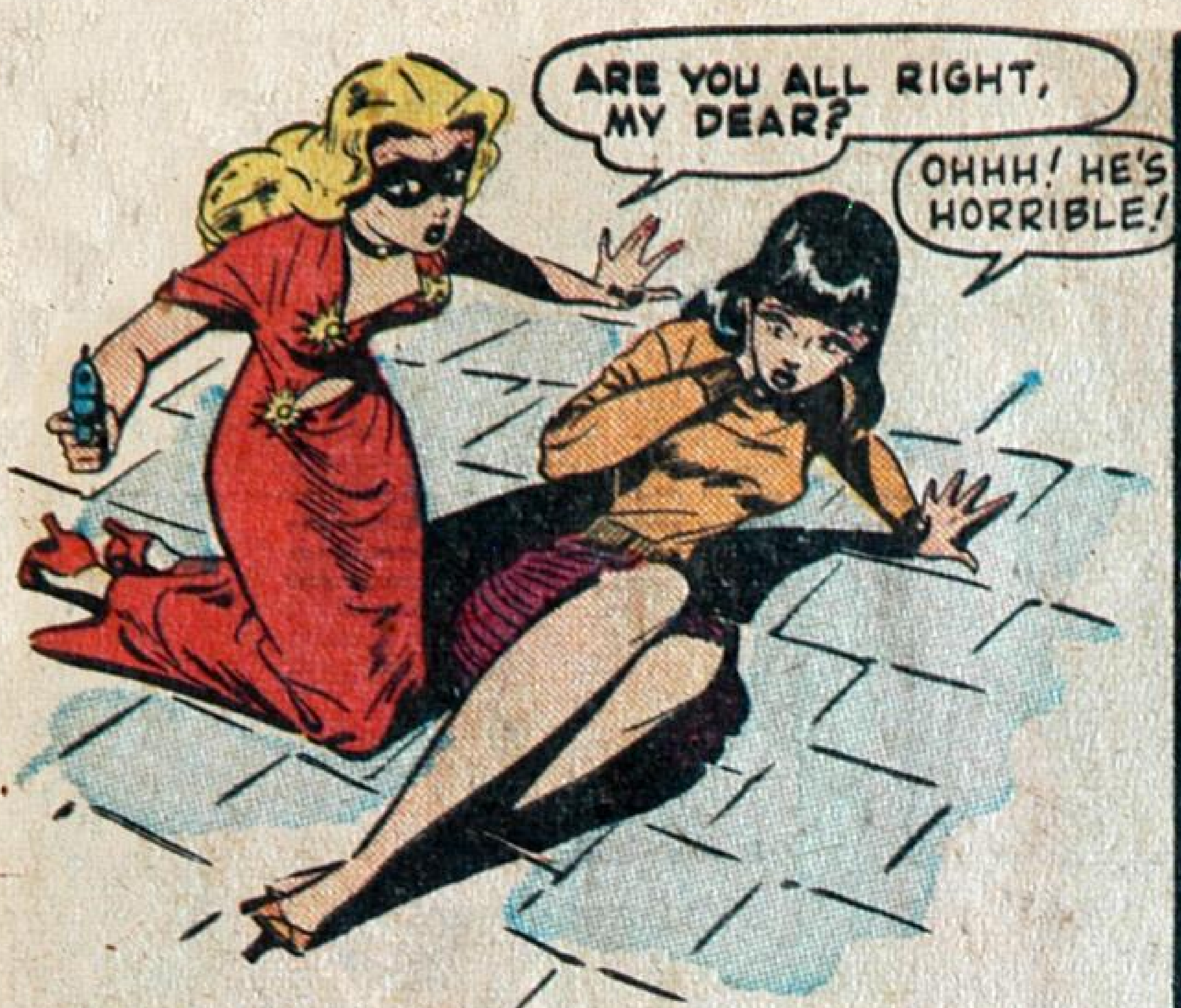
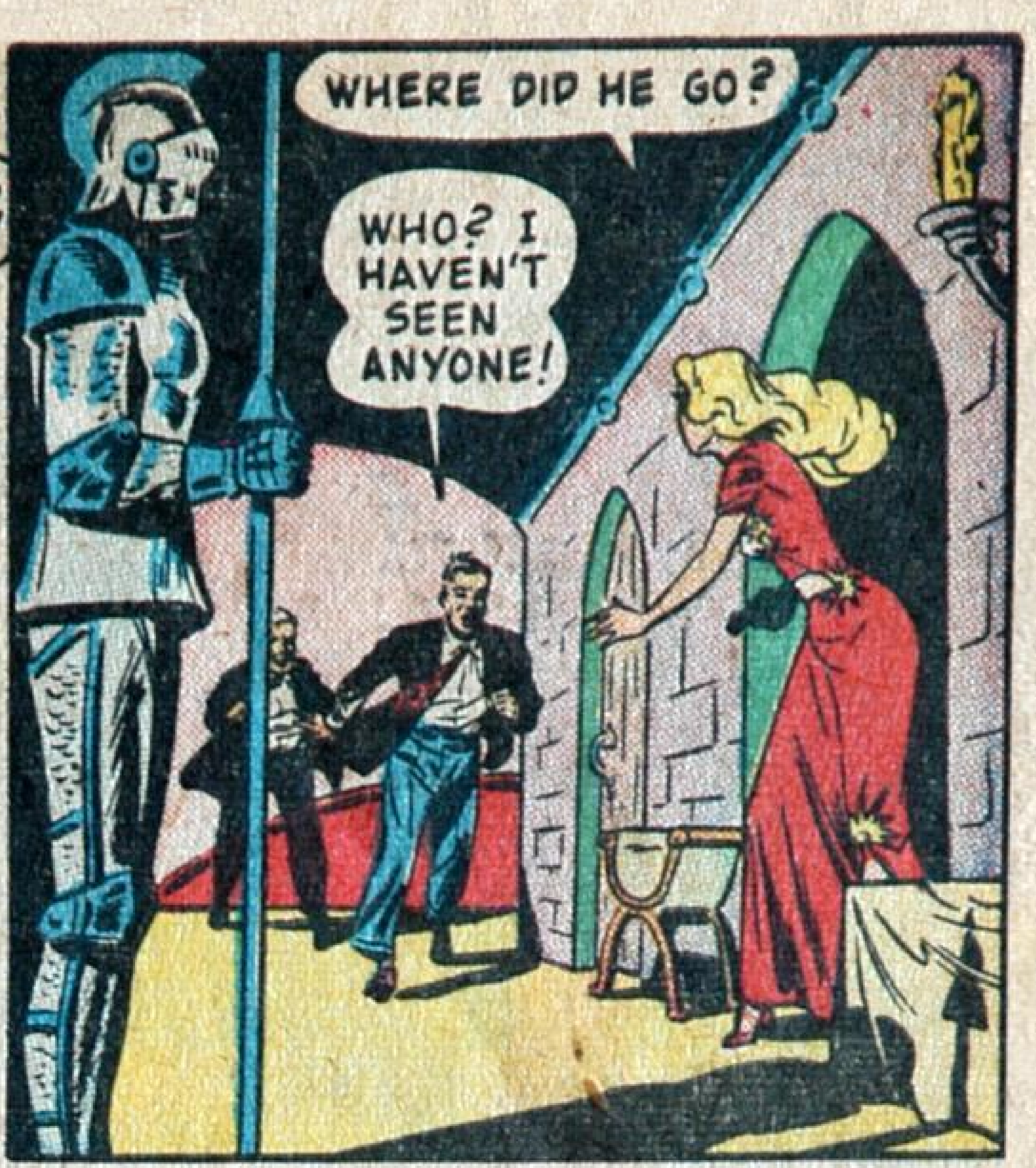

BLONDE PHANTOM
1783
OUT OF THE PAGES OF A BLOOD-CURDLING BOOK WRITTEN OVER A CENTURY AGO, STALKS A HORRIBLE FIGURE, SEARCHING FOR A TREASURE, AND THREATENING SUDDEN DEATH TO ALL WHO STAND IN HIS WAY! ONCE AGAIN THE BEAUTIFUL, BLONDE PHANTOM FACES PERIL AS SHE STEPS INTO THE...
"HORROR at HAUNTED CASTLE!"

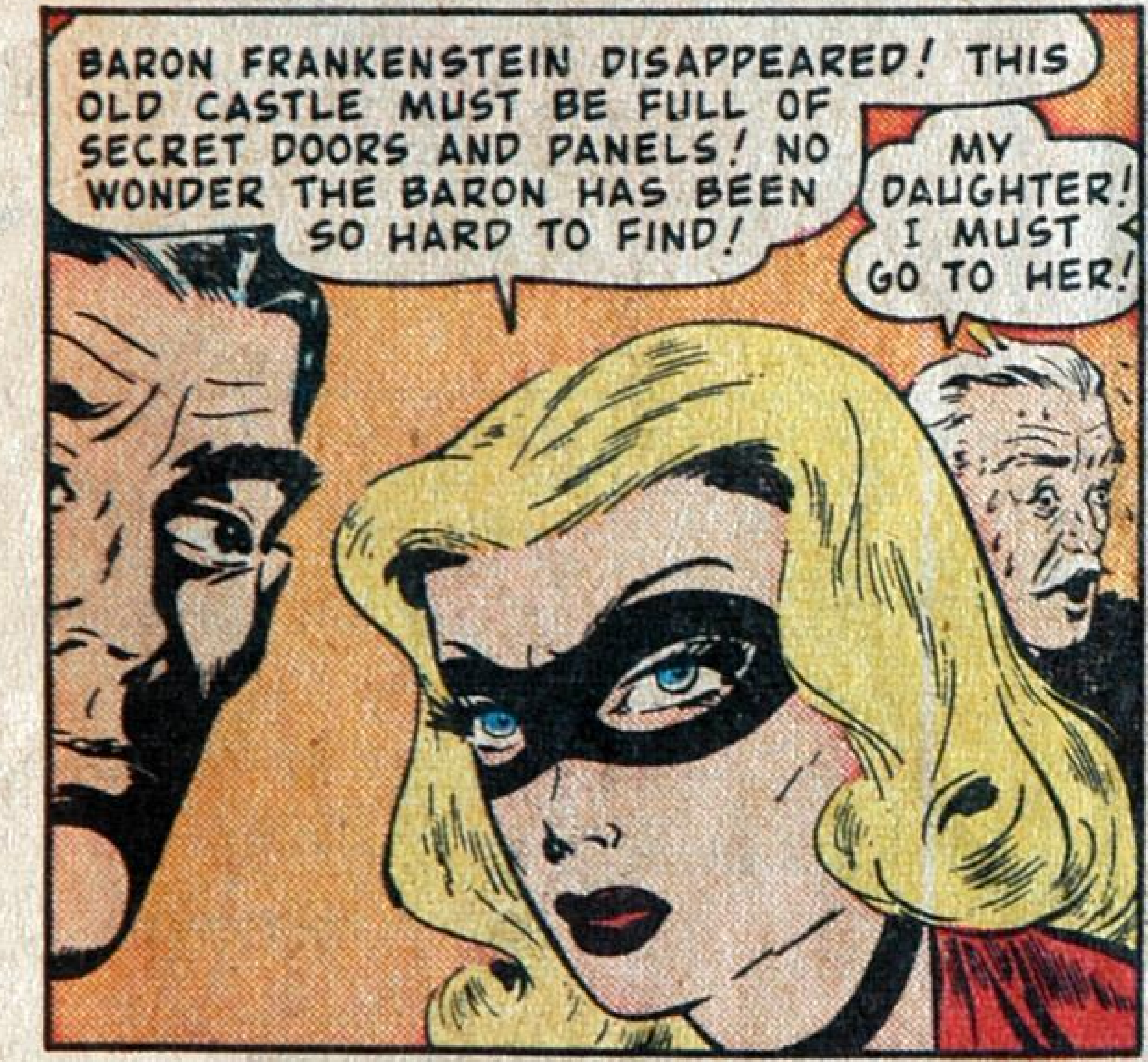
HIGH ON A LONELY, FORBIDDING CLIFF STOOD THE MIGHTY MONUMENT OF STONE KNOWN AS FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE...
AND HERE, ON A CERTAIN EVENING IN 1818, A DYING MAN GASPED OUT A STRANGE MALEDICTION...
I DID IT! I CREATED A MONSTER! NOW HE HAS DESTROYED ME! CURSE HIM!
I WAS A FOOL! MY CURSE LIES UPON ALL- WHO- INHABIT THIS PLACE! FOR IT KNEW THE BIRTH OF... FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!
LET NONE... WHO LIVE HERE... KNOW PEACE... JUST AS MY SOUL... SHALL NEVER... REST!
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE PRESENT DAY, WHERE LOUISE GRANT IS RUDELY AWAKENED BY THE JANGLING OF A TELEPHONE!
HELLO! (YAWN) OH, IT'S YOU, MARK!
A CASE FOR YOU AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM? YOU WANT ME TO GET INTO THE OFFICE EARLY? OKAY, I'LL BE THERE!
BUT MARK MASON, HER EMPLOYER, DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT LOUISE GRANT IS HERSELF THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
MARK THINKS I'LL STAY BEHIND A DESK IN THE OFFICE WHILE HE AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM GO OFF ON A CASE! WELL, HE'S HALF RIGHT, ANYWAY!

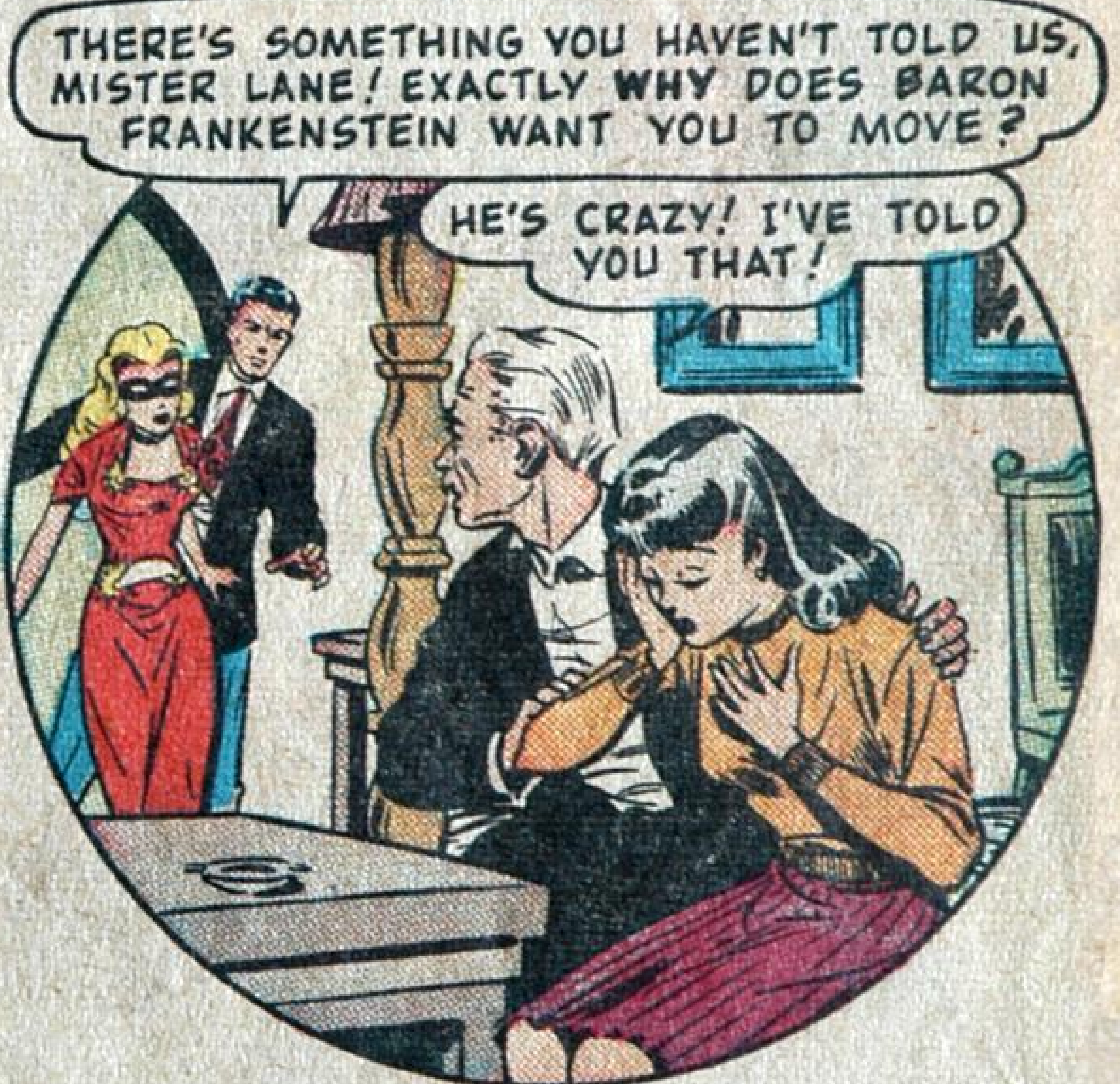

LOUISE GRANT **WON'T** BE BEHIND HER DESK! BUT THE **BLONDE PHANTOM WILL** GO WITH HIM ON THE CASE!
LATER...
IT'S REMARKABLE, BLONDE PHANTOM, HOW YOU ALWAYS SHOW UP JUST WHEN I NEED YOU!
CALL IT WOMAN'S INTUITION! I HAD A HUNCH SOMETHING WAS BREWING! WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY! I HAD A PHONE CALL FROM ELMO LANE, THE MILLIONAIRE! SEEMS HE BOUGHT A CASTLE IN EUROPE, AND HAD IT REMOVED HERE!
IS THAT THE PLACE?
NOT A CHEERY LOOKING PLACE, IS IT?
IT'S NO WONDER THAT ANYONE WHO LIVES IN A PLACE LIKE THAT WOULD FEEL THE NEED OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!
AT AN UPPER WINDOW OF THE CASTLE...
SO! VISITORS ARRIVE! IT SEEMS THE WARNINGS OF BARON FRANKENSTEIN HAVE BEEN IGNORED!
ELMO LANE GREETS THE BLONDE PHANTOM AND MARK MASON...
EVER SINCE I ERECTED THIS CASTLE, I'VE RECEIVED WARNINGS FROM A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF BARON FRANKENSTEIN!
HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

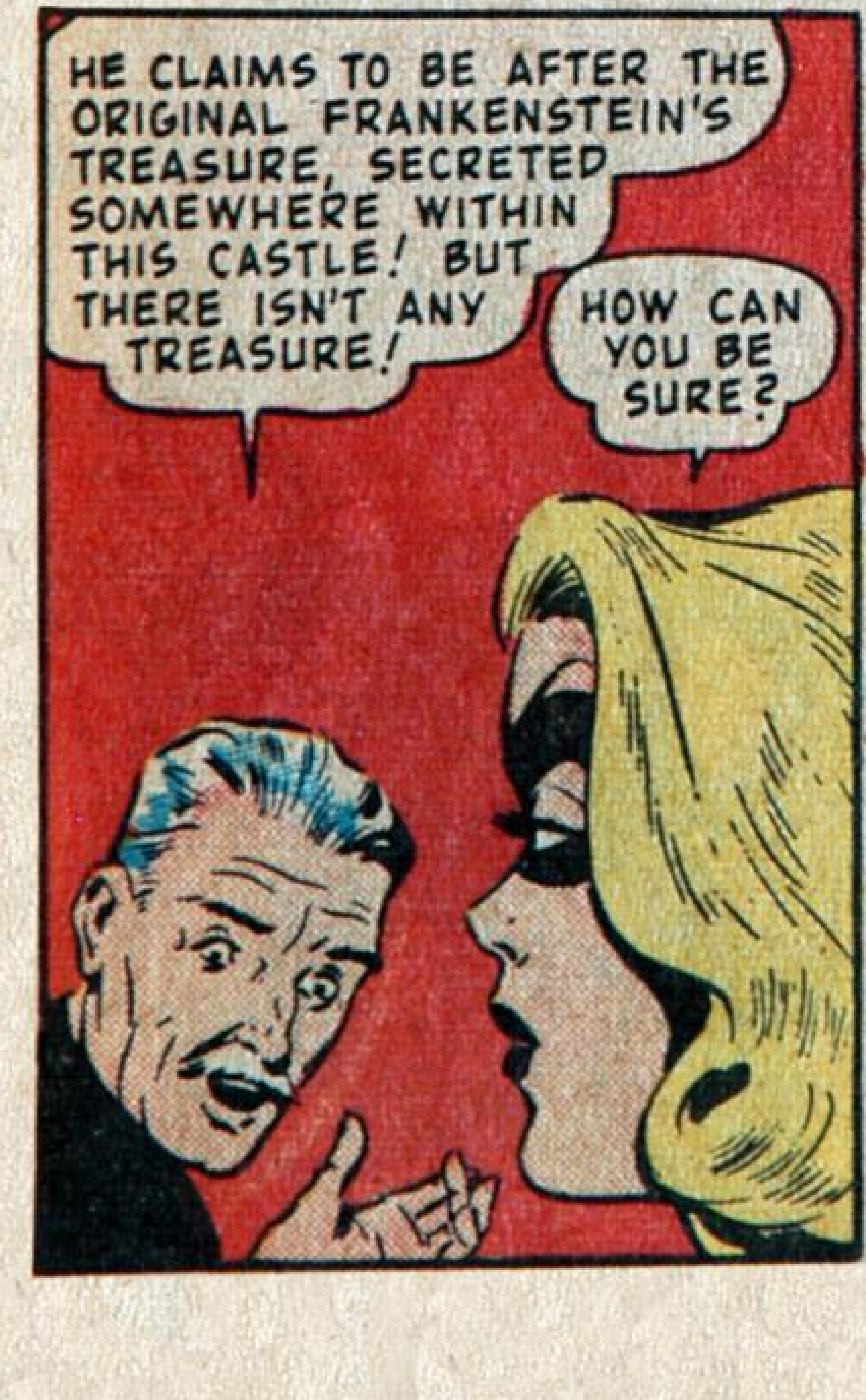

I'VE HAD THE CASTLE SEARCHED FROM END TO END! THERE'S NEVER A SIGN OF HIM! ONLY HIS DEVILISH WARNING NOTES, THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE ECHOING IN THE CORRIDORS... HE'S TRYING TO DRIVE ME AWAY! BUT I WON'T GO!
THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU, MASON! YOU MUST FIND THIS BARON FRANKENSTEIN!
WHAT'S THAT?
AIIIIIII!
MY DAUGHTER! SHE SCREAMED!
MAYBE BARON FRANKENSTEIN IS SHOWING HIMSELF AT LAST!
HER VOICE CAME FROM THAT ROOM!
THE ELUSIVE BARON FRANKENSTEIN, I PRESUME!
WHA...?
BAH! YOU WILL REGRET THIS INTERFERENCE!

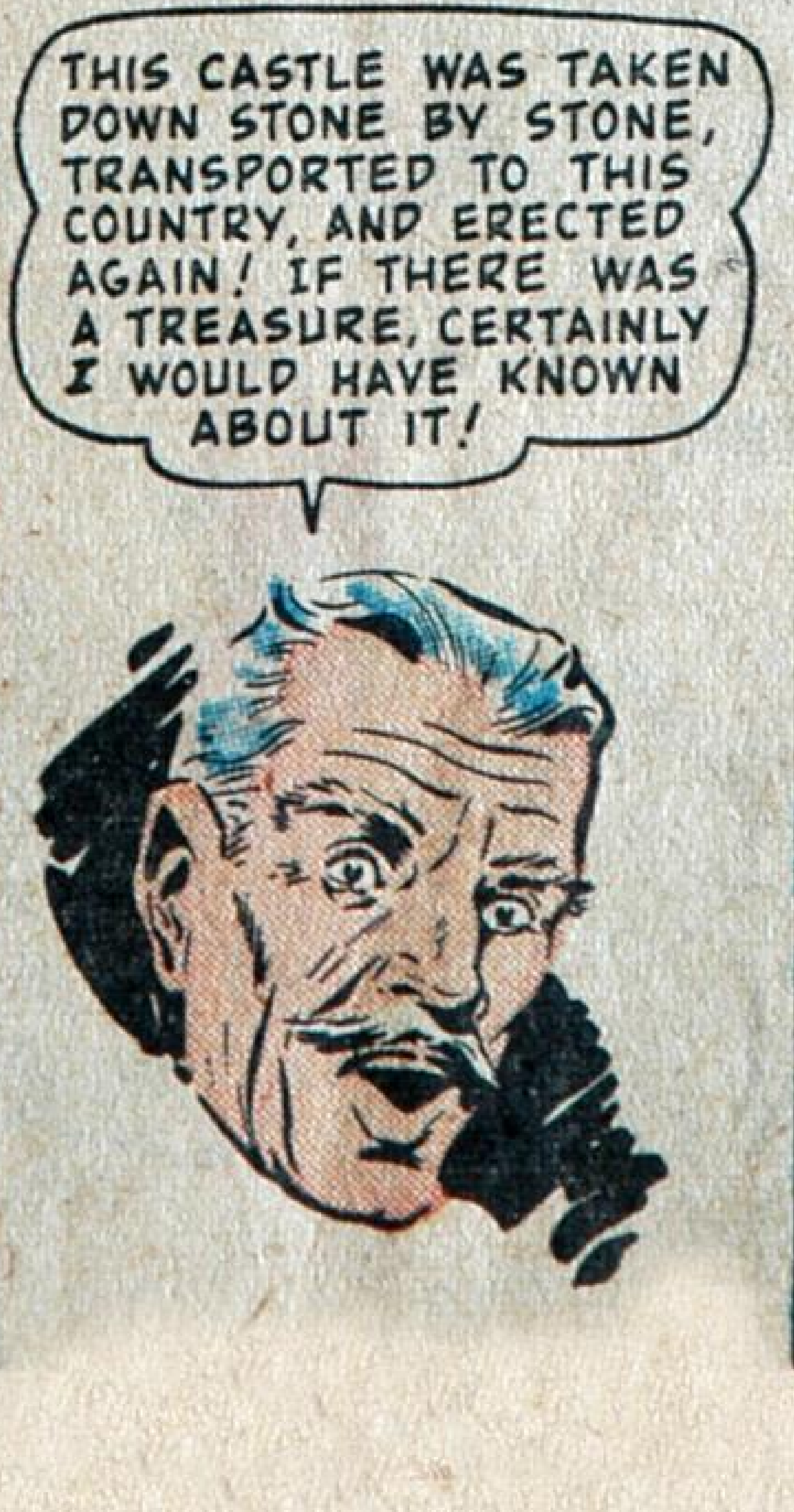

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR?
OHHH! HE'S HORRIBLE!

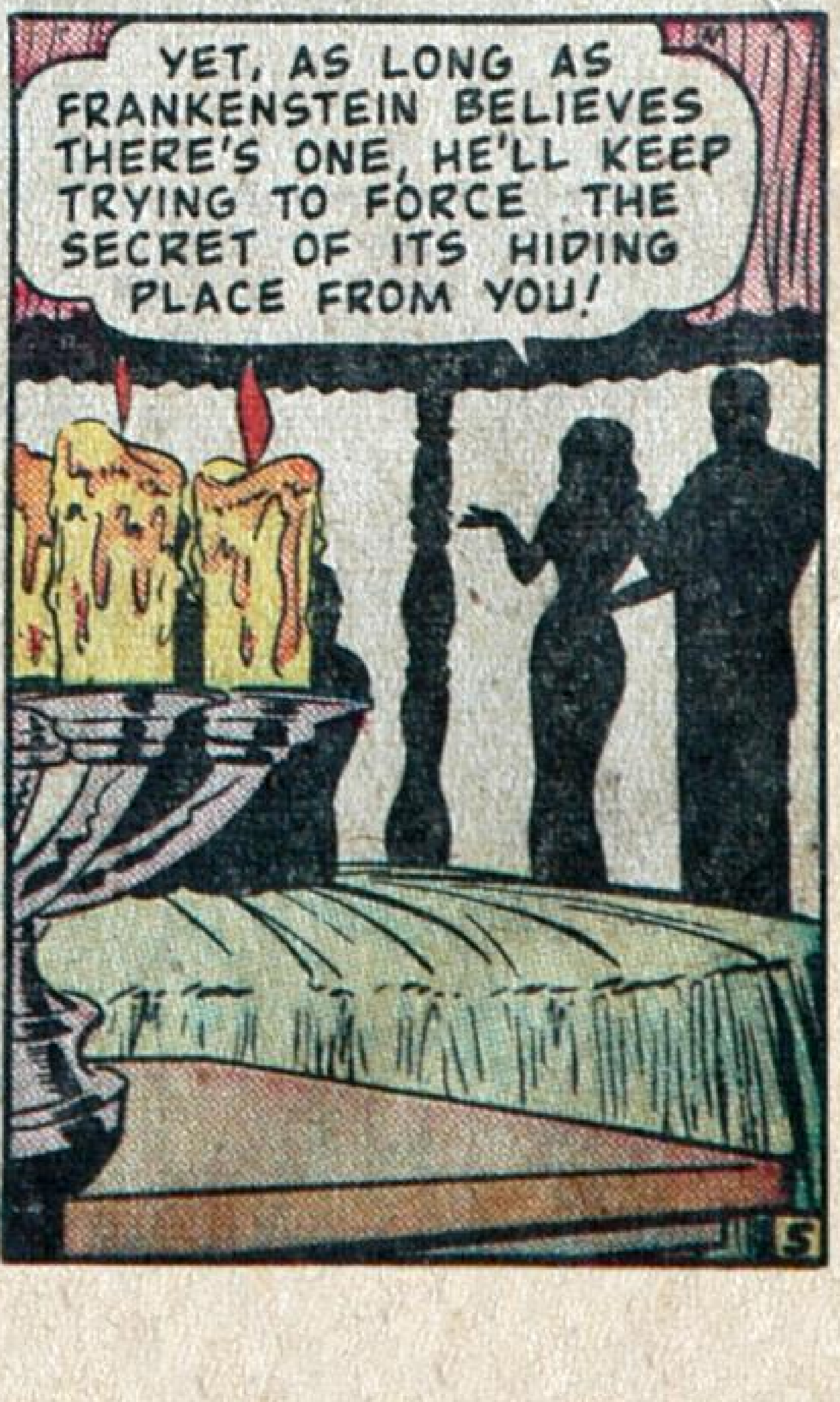

WHERE DID HE GO?
WHO? I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE!

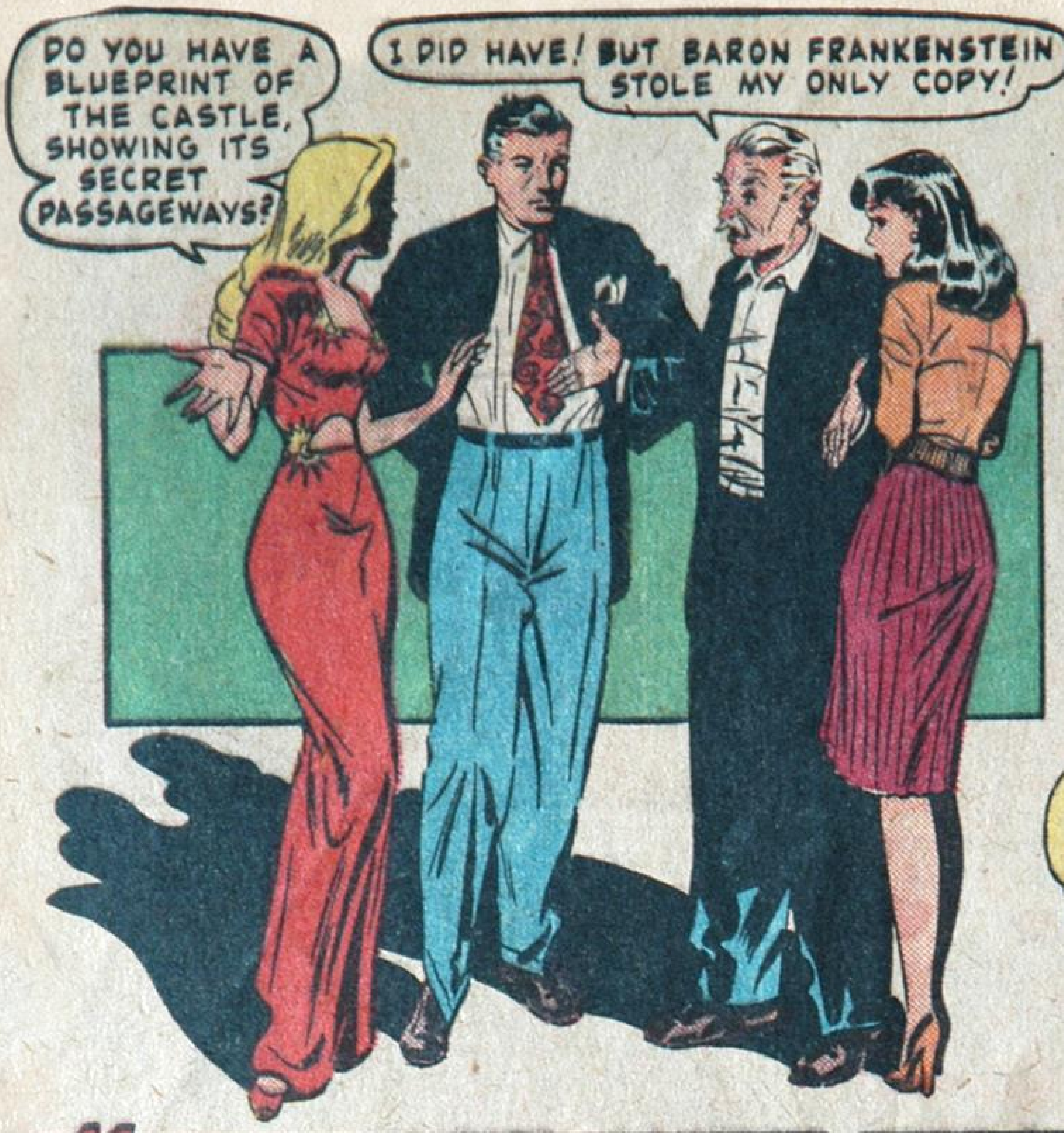

BARON FRANKENSTEIN DISAPPEARED! THIS OLD CASTLE MUST BE FULL OF SECRET DOORS AND PANELS! NO WONDER THE BARON HAS BEEN SO HARD TO FIND!
MY DAUGHTER! I MUST GO TO HER!

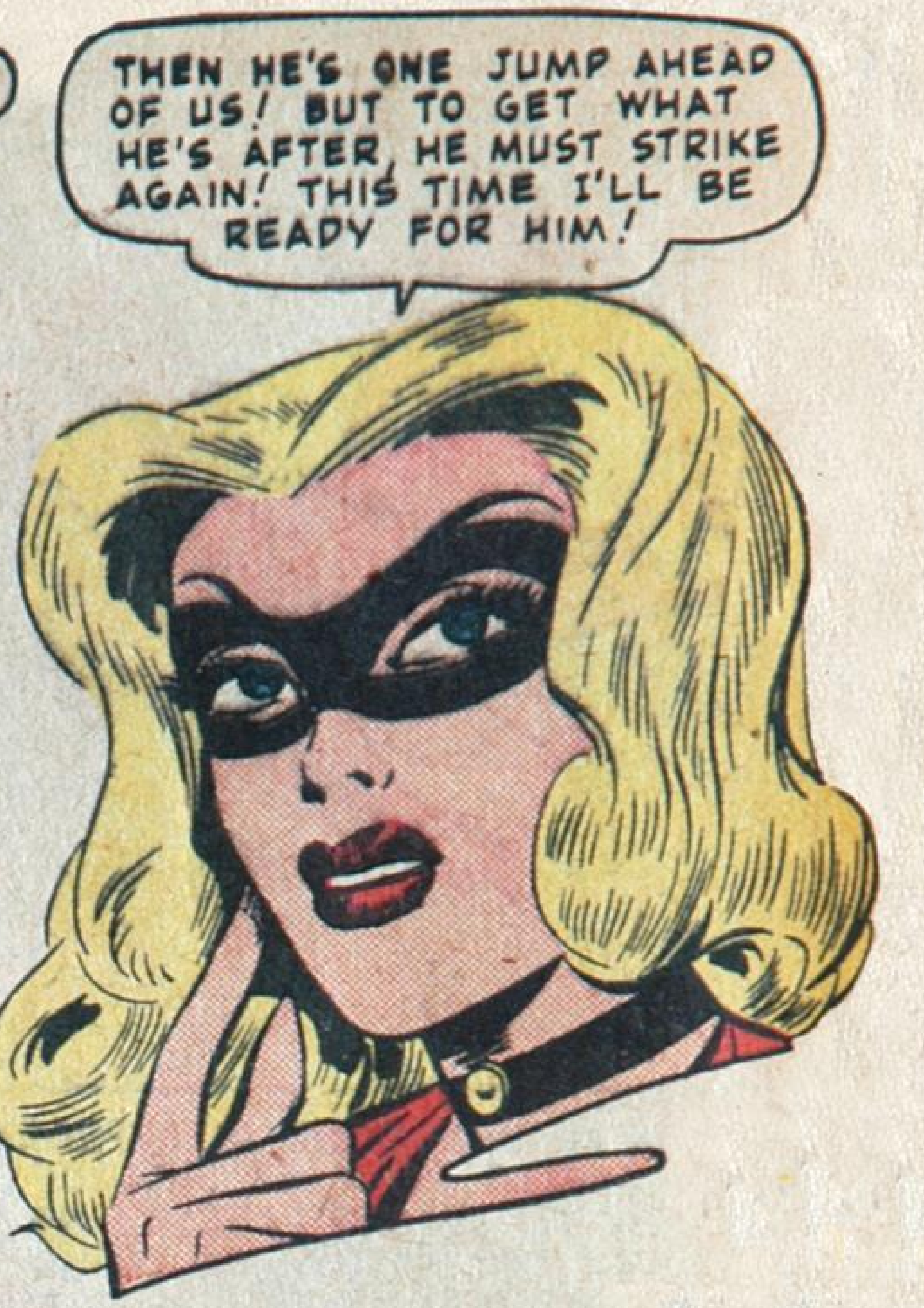

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US, MISTER LANE! EXACTLY WHY DOES BARON FRANKENSTEIN WANT YOU TO MOVE?
HE'S CRAZY! I'VE TOLD YOU THAT!

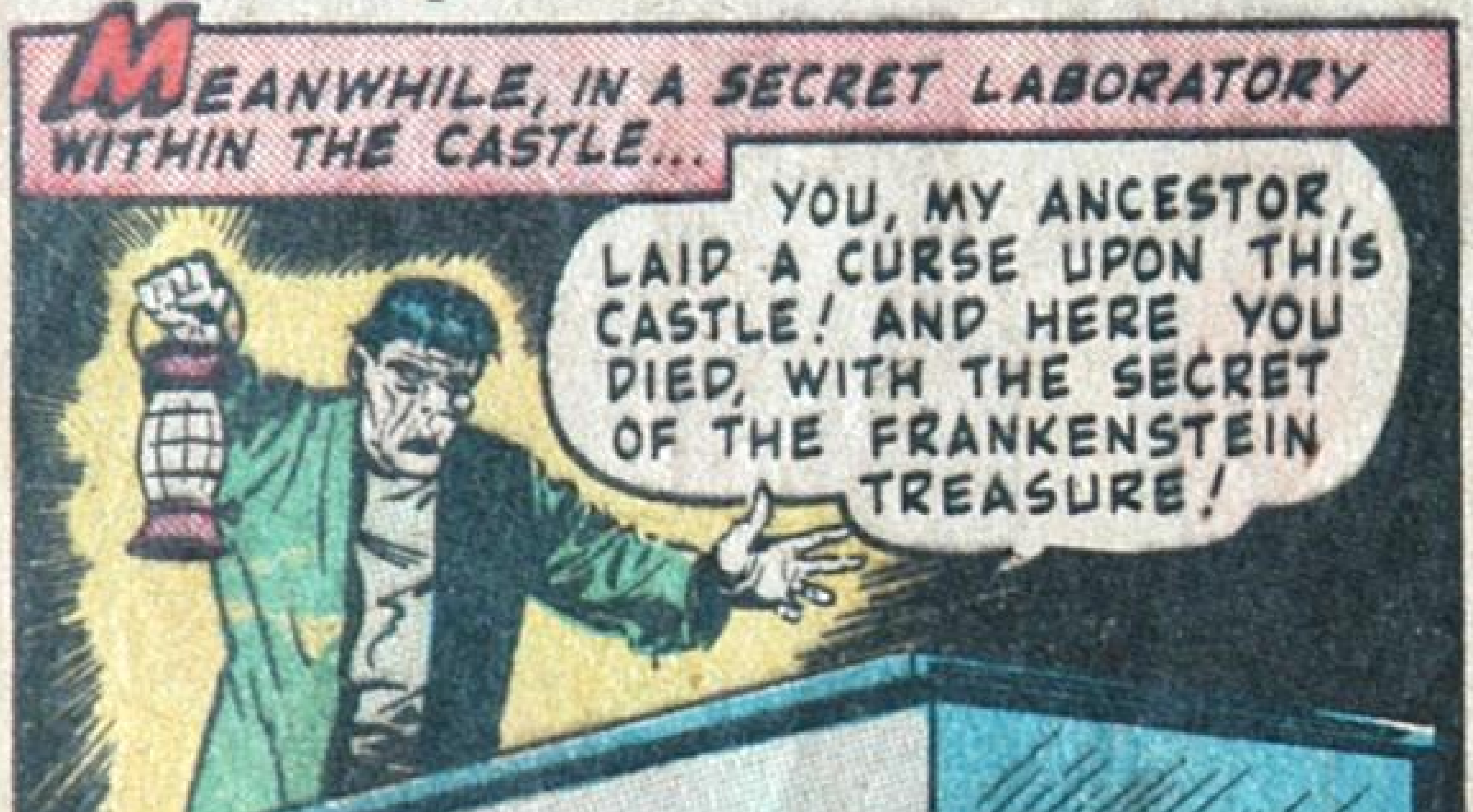

HE CLAIMS TO BE AFTER THE ORIGINAL FRANKENSTEIN'S TREASURE, SECRETED SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS CASTLE! BUT THERE ISN'T ANY TREASURE!
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

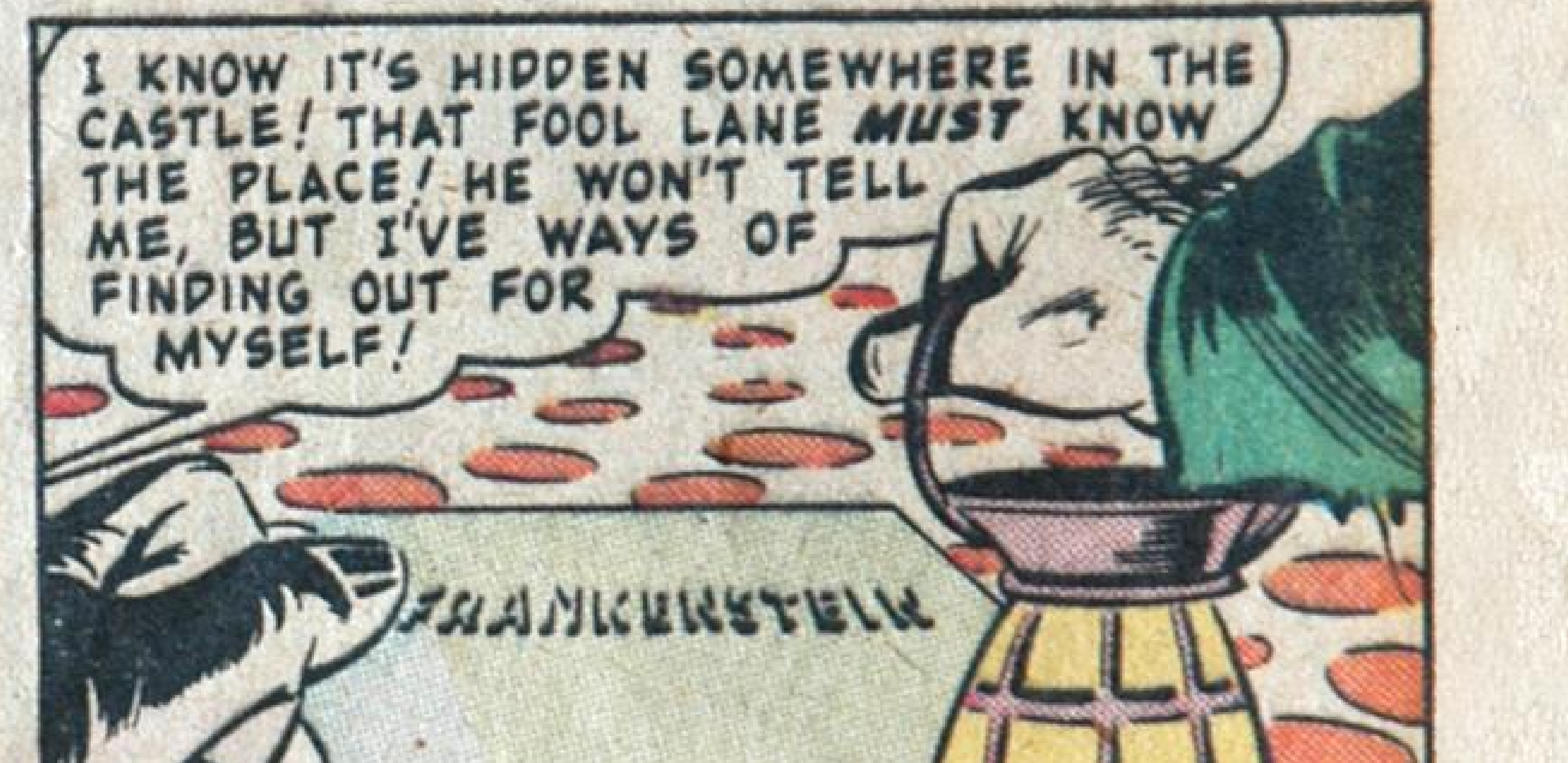

THIS CASTLE WAS TAKEN DOWN STONE BY STONE, TRANSPORTED TO THIS COUNTRY, AND ERECTED AGAIN! IF THERE WAS A TREASURE, CERTAINLY I WOULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT!

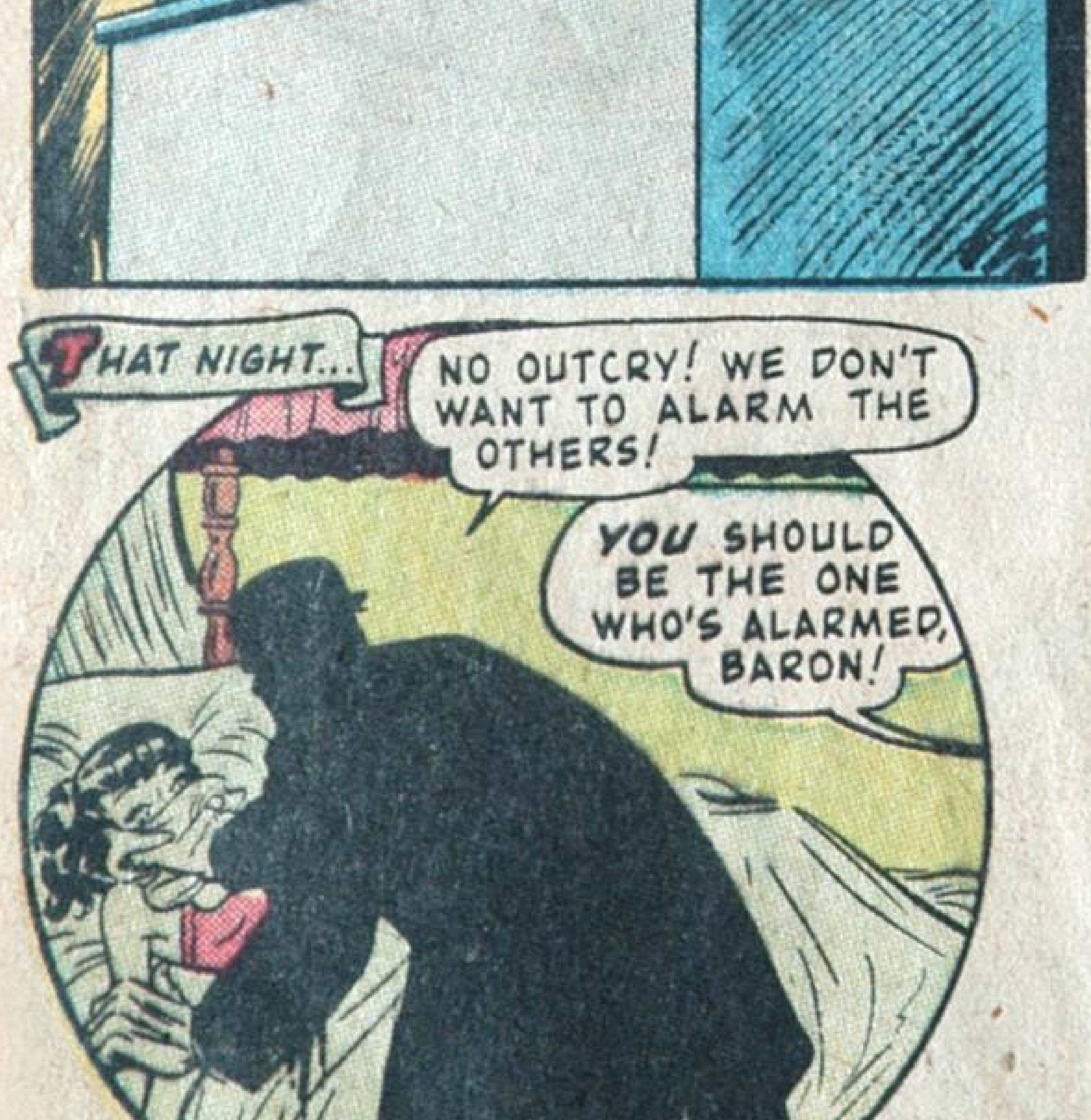

YET, AS LONG AS FRANKENSTEIN BELIEVES THERE'S ONE, HE'LL KEEP TRYING TO FORCE THE SECRET OF ITS HIDING PLACE FROM YOU!

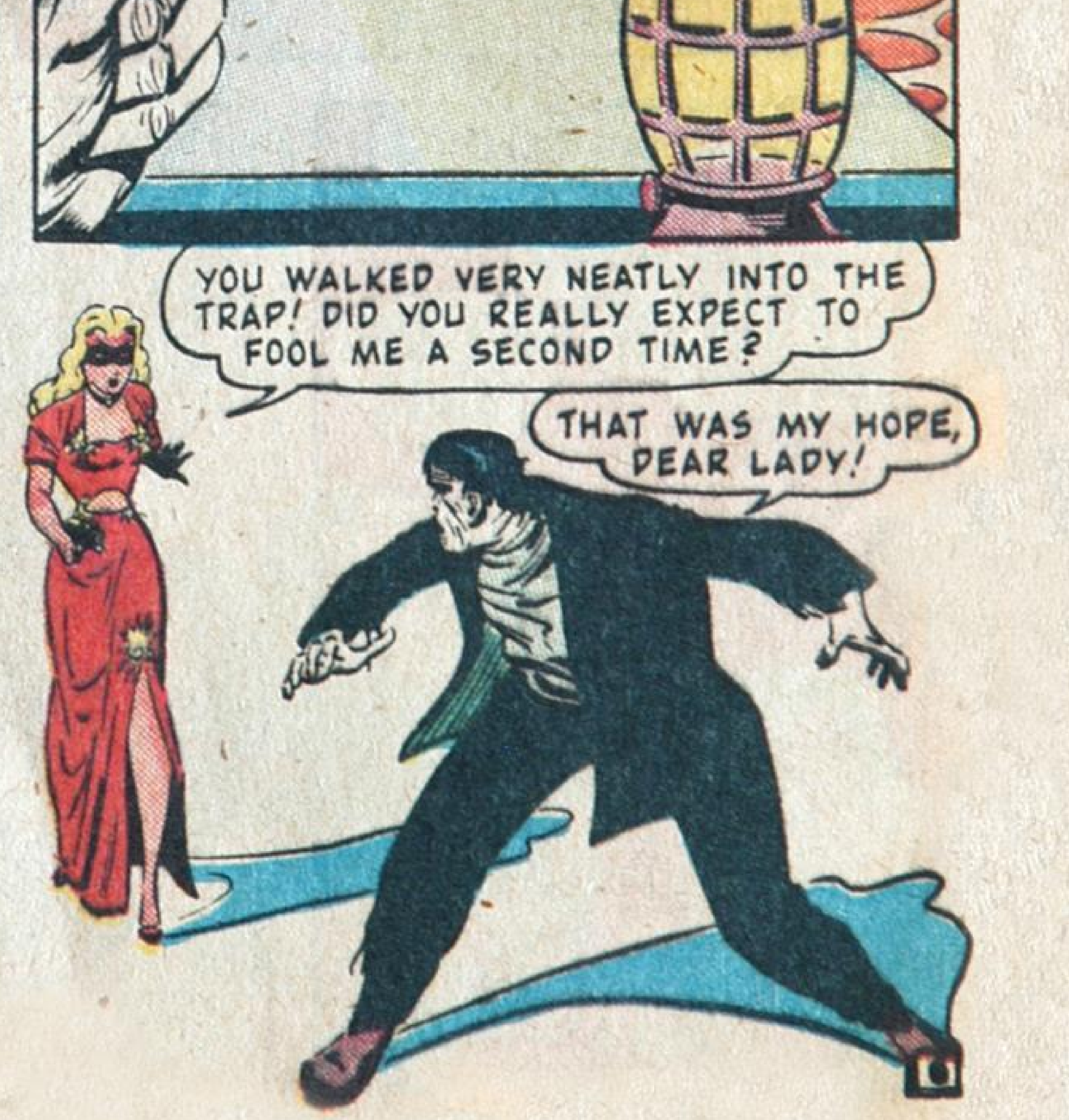

DO YOU HAVE A BLUEPRINT OF THE CASTLE, SHOWING ITS SECRET PASSAGEWAYS?
I DID HAVE! BUT BARON FRANKENSTEIN STOLE MY ONLY COPY!

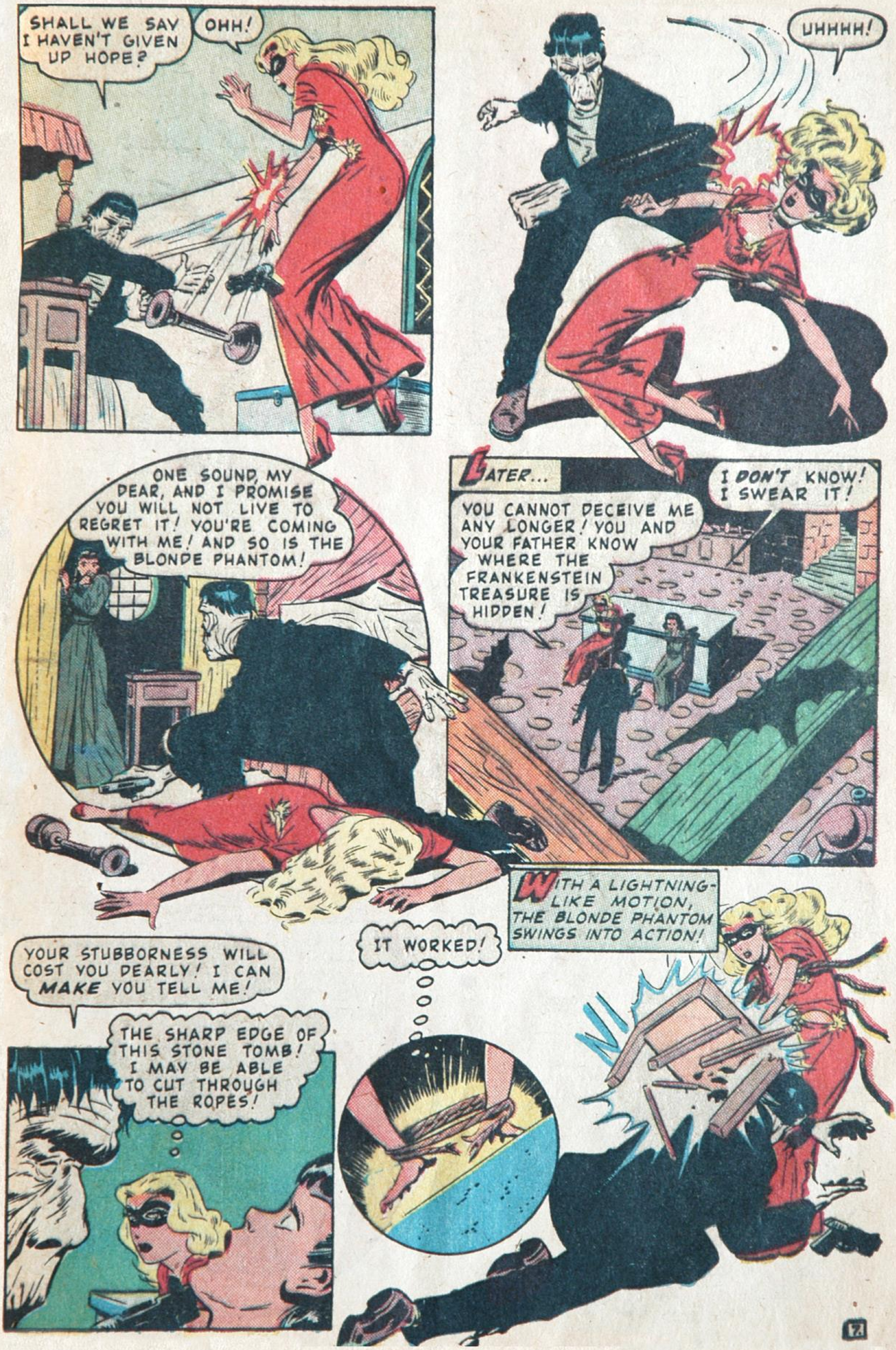

THEN HE'S ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US! BUT TO GET WHAT HE'S AFTER, HE MUST STRIKE AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!

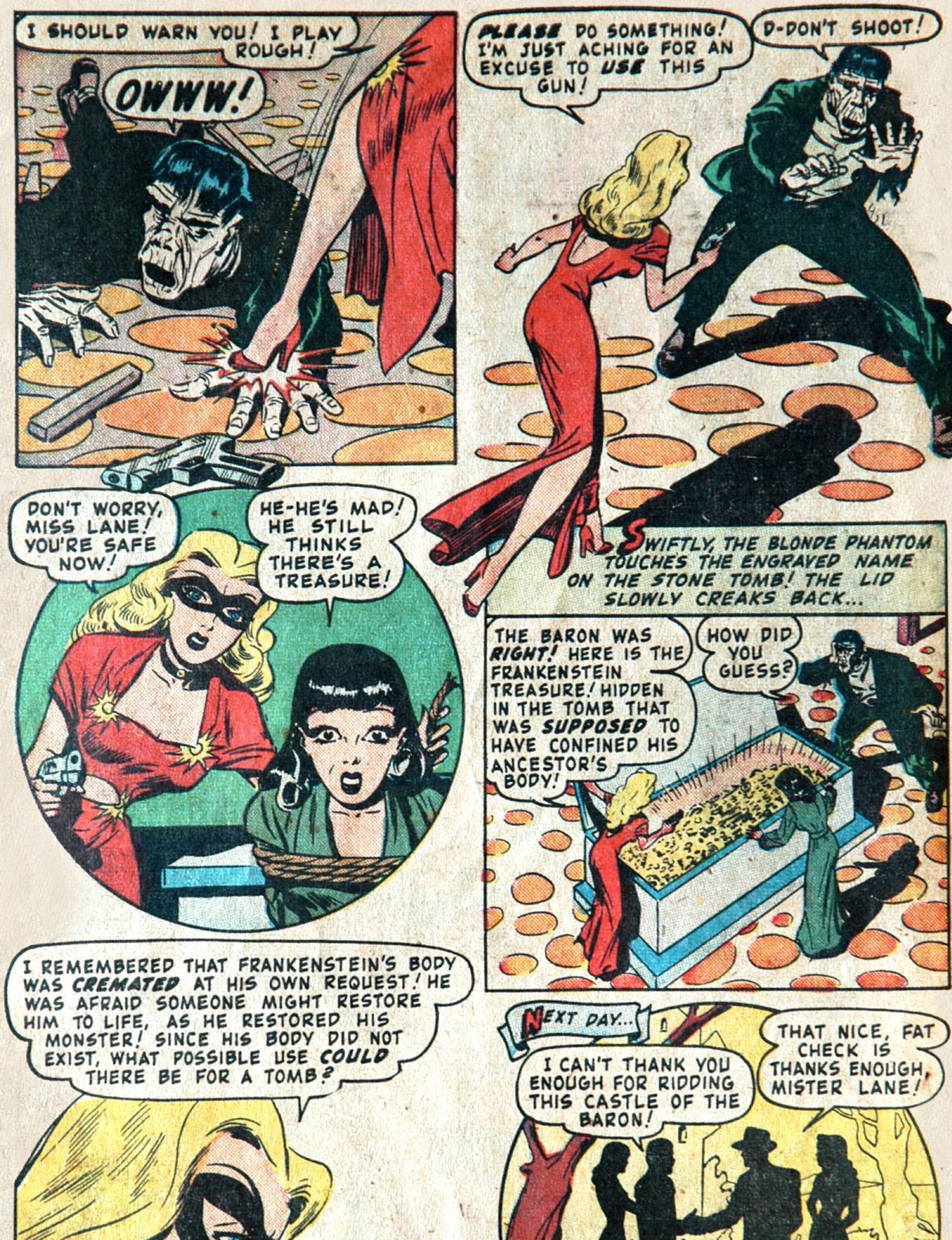

MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET LABORATORY WITHIN THE CASTLE...
YOU, MY ANCESTOR, LAID A CURSE UPON THIS CASTLE! AND HERE YOU DIED, WITH THE SECRET OF THE FRANKENSTEIN TREASURE!

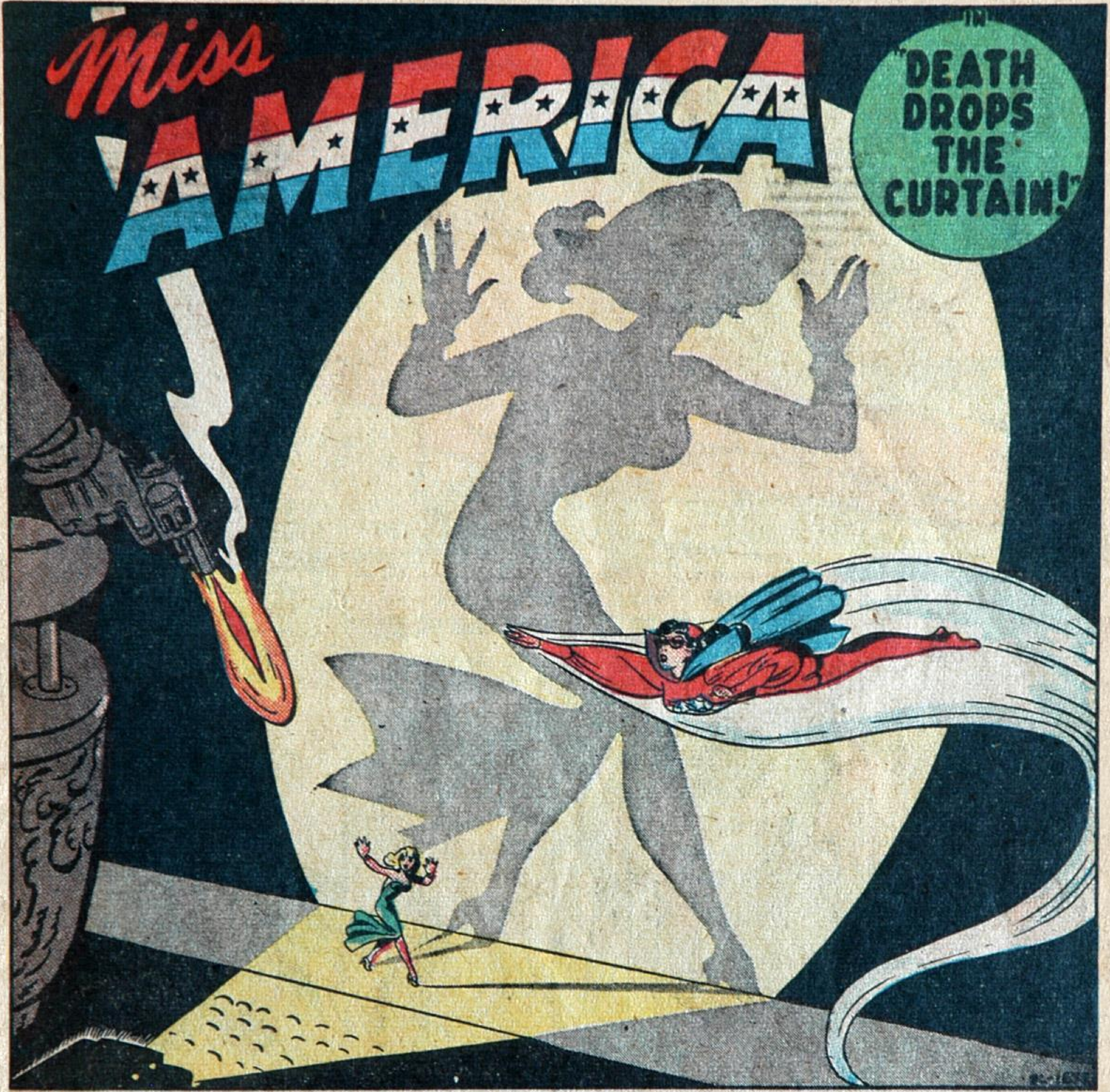

I KNOW IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE CASTLE! THAT FOOL LANE *MUST* KNOW THE PLACE! HE WON'T TELL ME, BUT I'VE WAYS OF FINDING OUT FOR MYSELF!
FRANKENSTEIN

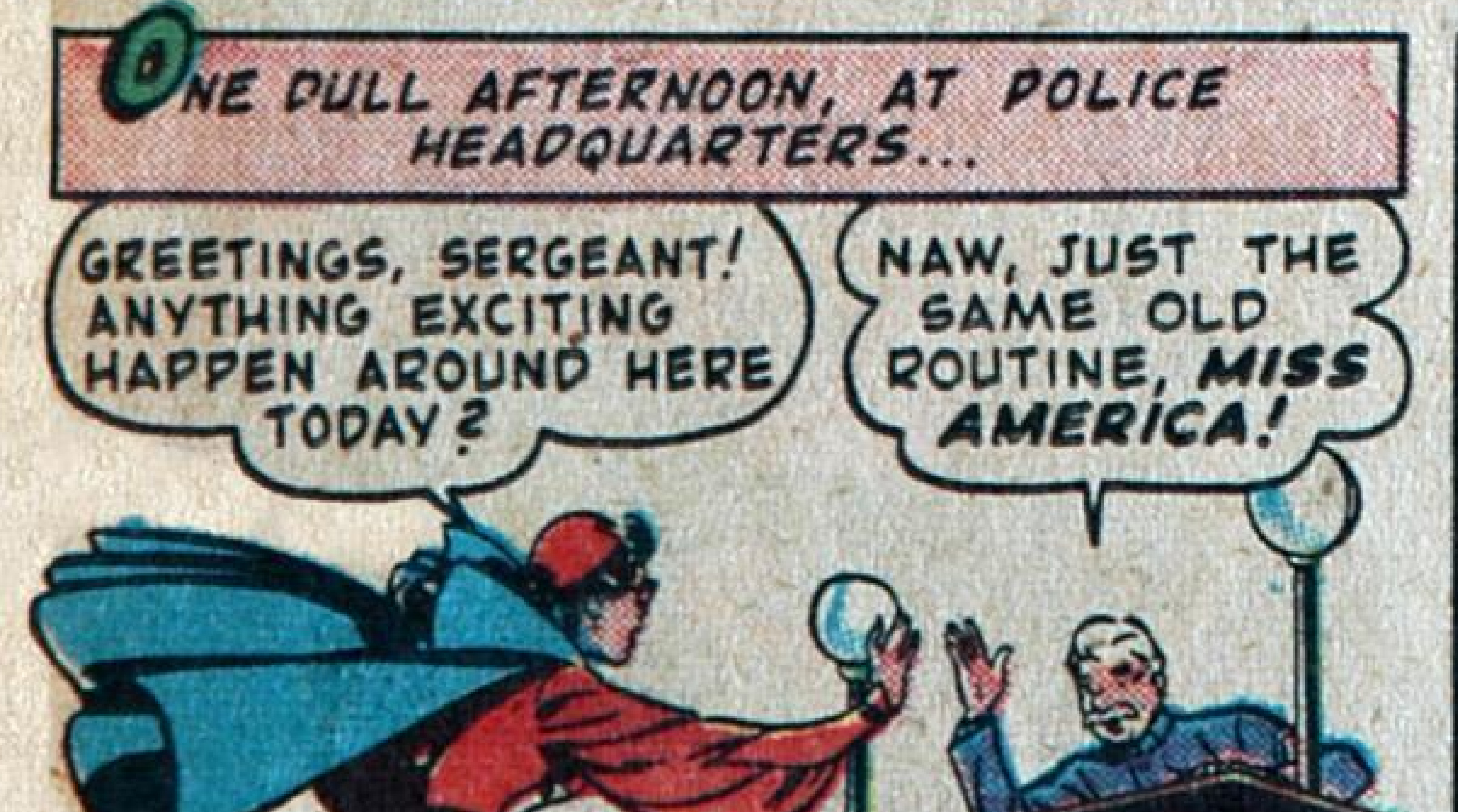

THAT NIGHT...
NO OUTCRY! WE DON'T WANT TO ALARM THE OTHERS!
YOU SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO'S ALARMED, BARON!

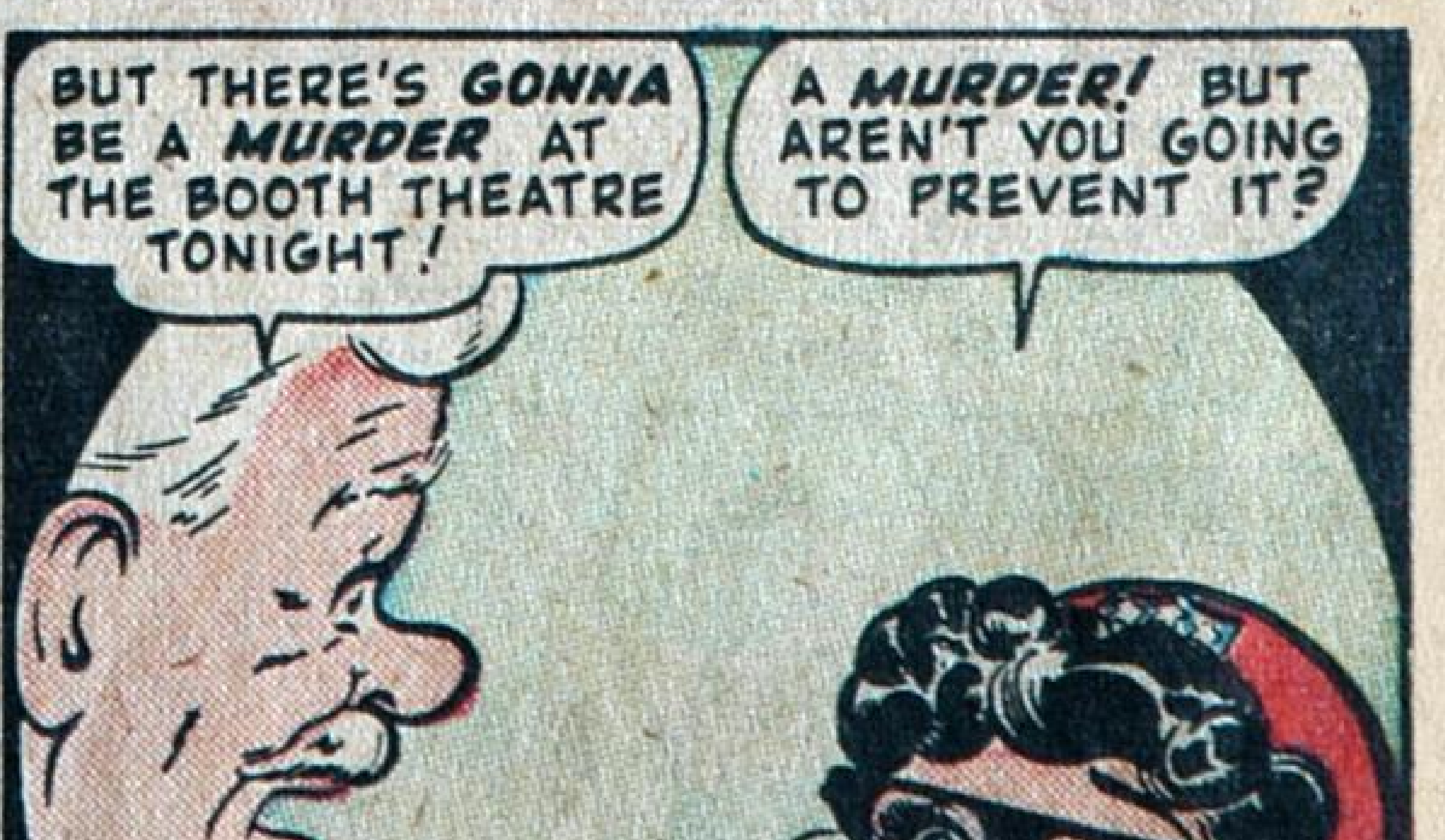

YOU WALKED VERY NEATLY INTO THE TRAP! DID YOU REALLY EXPECT TO FOOL ME A SECOND TIME?
THAT WAS MY HOPE, DEAR LADY!


SHALL WE SAY I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP HOPE?
OHH!
UHHHH!
ONE SOUND, MY DEAR, AND I PROMISE YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO REGRET IT! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! AND SO IS THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
LATER...
I DON'T KNOW! I SWEAR IT!
YOU CANNOT DECEIVE ME ANY LONGER! YOU AND YOUR FATHER KNOW WHERE THE FRANKENSTEIN TREASURE IS HIDDEN!
WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOTION, THE BLONDE PHANTOM SWINGS INTO ACTION!
YOUR STUBBORNNESS WILL COST YOU DEARLY! I CAN MAKE YOU TELL ME!
THE SHARP EDGE OF THIS STONE TOMB! I MAY BE ABLE TO CUT THROUGH THE ROPES!
IT WORKED!

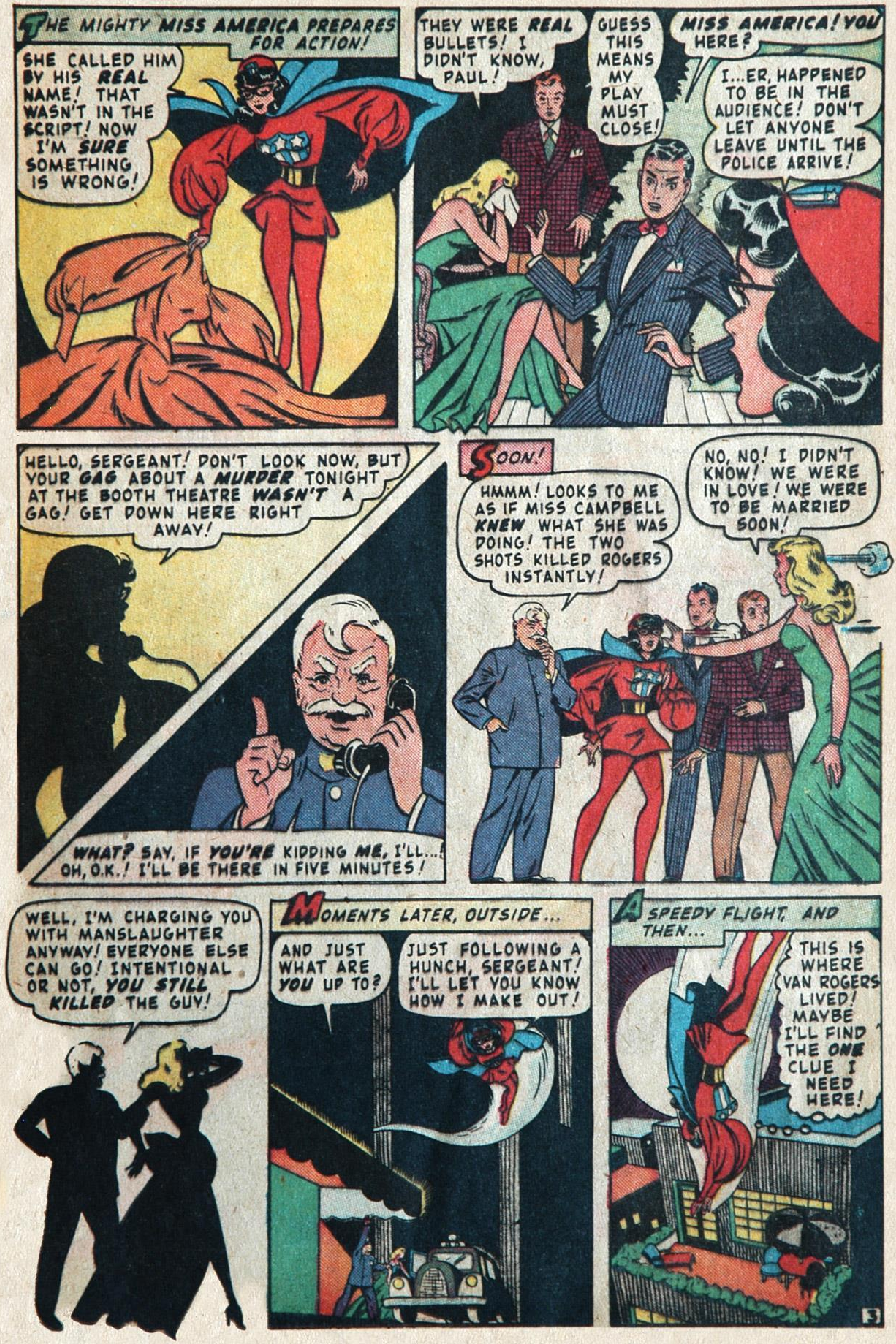

I SHOULD WARN YOU! I PLAY ROUGH!
OWWW!
PLEASE DO SOMETHING! I'M JUST ACHING FOR AN EXCUSE TO USE THIS GUN!
D-DON'T SHOOT!
DON'T WORRY, MISS LANE! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
HE-HE'S MAD! HE STILL THINKS THERE'S A TREASURE!
SWIFTLY, THE BLONDE PHANTOM TOUCHES THE ENGRAVED NAME ON THE STONE TOMB! THE LID SLOWLY CREAKS BACK...
THE BARON WAS RIGHT! HERE IS THE FRANKENSTEIN TREASURE! HIDDEN IN THE TOMB THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE CONFINED HIS ANCESTOR'S BODY!
HOW DID YOU GUESS?
I REMEMBERED THAT FRANKENSTEIN'S BODY WAS CREMATED AT HIS OWN REQUEST! HE WAS AFRAID SOMEONE MIGHT RESTORE HIM TO LIFE, AS HE RESTORED HIS MONSTER! SINCE HIS BODY DID NOT EXIST, WHAT POSSIBLE USE COULD THERE BE FOR A TOMB?
NEXT DAY...
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR RIDDING THIS CASTLE OF THE BARON!
THAT NICE, FAT CHECK IS THANKS ENOUGH, MISTER LANE!
THE END
8

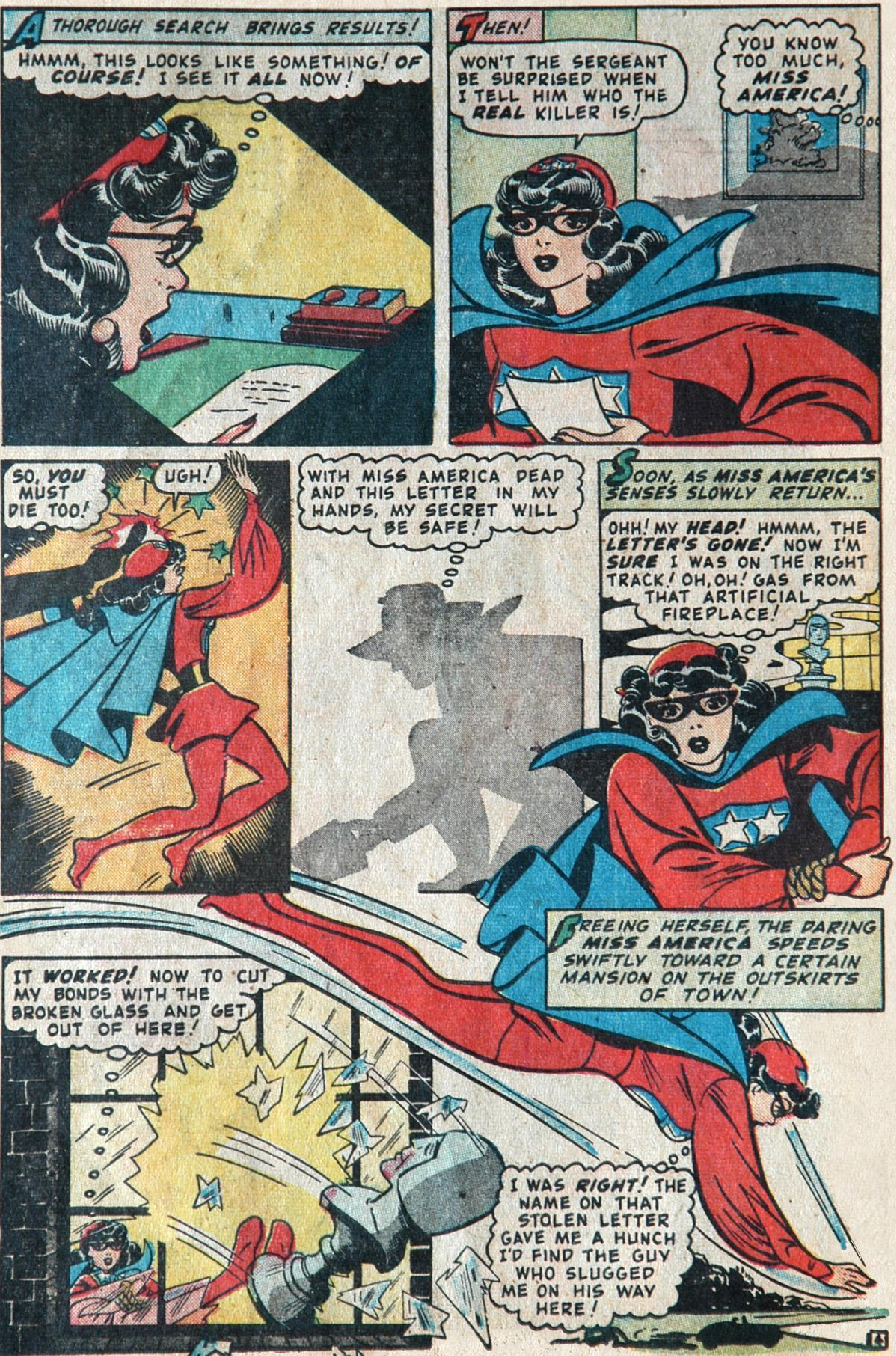

Miss AMERICA
IN
"DEATH DROPS THE CURTAIN!"

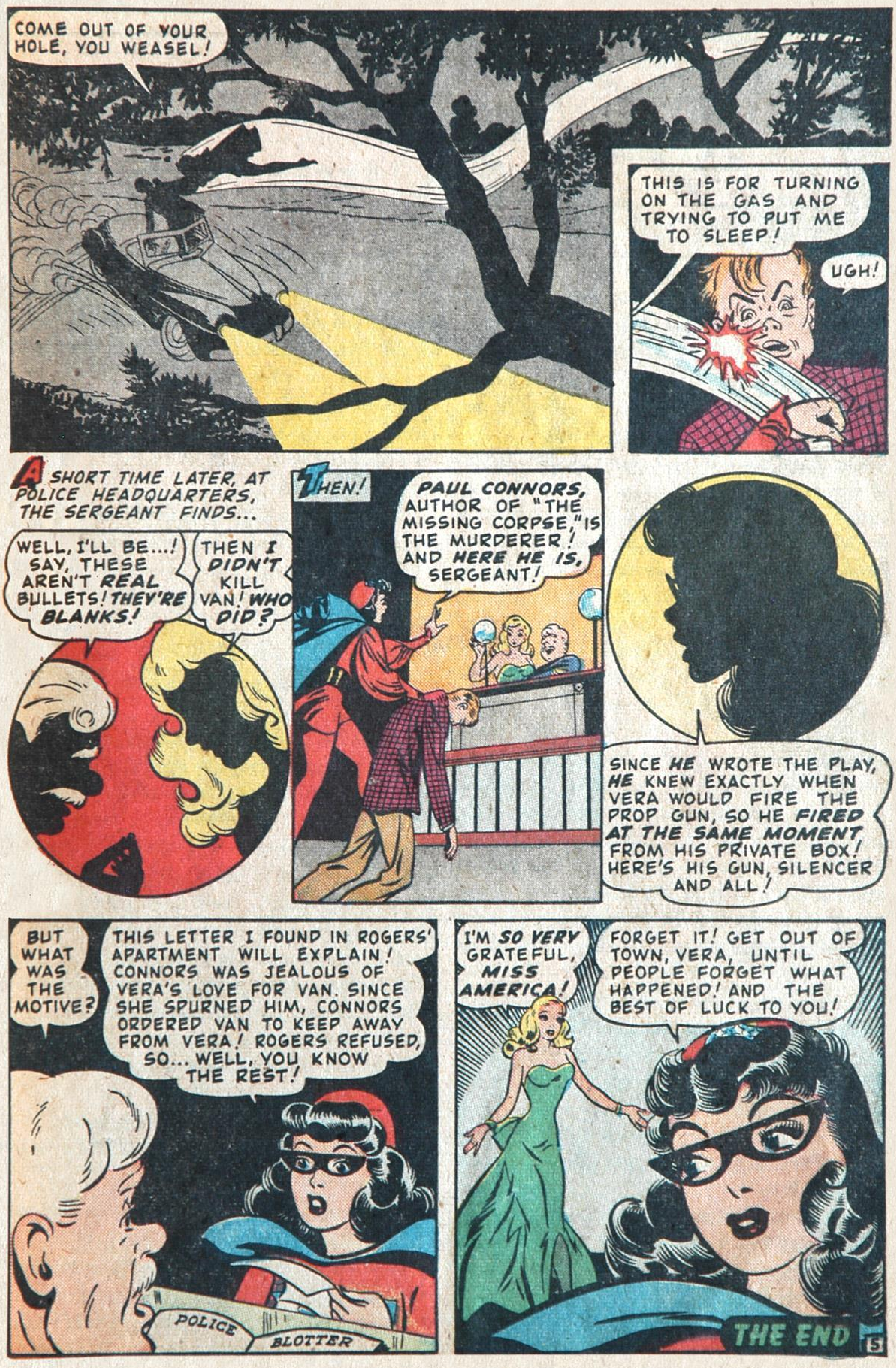

ONE DULL AFTERNOON, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
GREETINGS, SERGEANT! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN AROUND HERE TODAY?
NAW, JUST THE SAME OLD ROUTINE, MISS AMERICA!


BUT THERE'S GONNA BE A MURDER AT THE BOOTH THEATRE TONIGHT!
A MURDER! BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO PREVENT IT?

HA, HA! THIS "MURDER" OCCURS **EVERY NIGHT** IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE MISSING CORPSE!" IT'S ONLY A **STAGE PLAY!**
OH **YOU!**
"MAKE BELIEVE MURDER," EH? GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME! BUT IT GIVES ME AN IDEA WHAT TO DO TONIGHT! I THINK I'LL SEE THE PLAY!
AND SO, **MISS AMERICA** ATTENDS THE PLAY AS THE ATTRACTIVE MADELEINE JOYCE...
THIS SHOULD BE GOOD! IT'S HAD RAVE NOTICES!
"THE MISSING CORPSE"
AS THE TENSE DRAMA UNFOLDS...
IF YOU DON'T STOP BLACKMAILING ME, **I'LL KILL YOU!**
YOU HAVEN'T THE COURAGE!
I WARNED YOU!
OHHHHH! (GASP!)
BANG!
BANG
VERA CAMPBELL AND VAN ROGERS CERTAINLY CAN ACT REALISTICALLY! **SAY!** SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG!
AIIII! HE'S DEAD! I'VE **KILLED** HIM! **VAN!**
2


THE MIGHTY MISS AMERICA PREPARES FOR ACTION!
SHE CALLED HIM BY HIS REAL NAME! THAT WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT! NOW I'M SURE SOMETHING IS WRONG!
THEY WERE REAL BULLETS! I DIDN'T KNOW, PAUL!
GUESS THIS MEANS MY PLAY MUST CLOSE!
MISS AMERICA! YOU HERE?
I...ER, HAPPENED TO BE IN THE AUDIENCE! DON'T LET ANYONE LEAVE UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
HELLO, SERGEANT! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOUR GAG ABOUT A MURDER TONIGHT AT THE BOOTH THEATRE WASN'T A GAG! GET DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY!
WHAT? SAY, IF YOU'RE KIDDING ME, I'LL...! OH, O.K.! I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!
SOON!
HMMM! LOOKS TO ME AS IF MISS CAMPBELL KNEW WHAT SHE WAS DOING! THE TWO SHOTS KILLED ROGERS INSTANTLY!
NO, NO! I DIDN'T KNOW! WE WERE IN LOVE! WE WERE TO BE MARRIED SOON!
WELL, I'M CHARGING YOU WITH MANSLAUGHTER ANYWAY! EVERYONE ELSE CAN GO! INTENTIONAL OR NOT, YOU STILL KILLED THE GUY!
MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE...
AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
JUST FOLLOWING A HUNCH, SERGEANT! I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW I MAKE OUT!
A SPEEDY FLIGHT, AND THEN...
THIS IS WHERE VAN ROGERS LIVED! MAYBE I'LL FIND THE ONE CLUE I NEED HERE!


A THOROUGH SEARCH BRINGS RESULTS!
HMMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING! OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL NOW!
THEN!
WON'T THE SERGEANT BE SURPRISED WHEN I TELL HIM WHO THE REAL KILLER IS!
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, MISS AMERICA!
SO, YOU MUST DIE TOO!
UGH!
WITH MISS AMERICA DEAD AND THIS LETTER IN MY HANDS, MY SECRET WILL BE SAFE!
SOON, AS MISS AMERICA'S SENSES SLOWLY RETURN...
OHH! MY HEAD! HMMM, THE LETTER'S GONE! NOW I'M SURE I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK! OH, OH! GAS FROM THAT ARTIFICIAL FIREPLACE!
IT WORKED! NOW TO CUT MY BONDS WITH THE BROKEN GLASS AND GET OUT OF HERE!
FREEING HERSELF, THE DARING MISS AMERICA SPEEDS SWIFTLY TOWARD A CERTAIN MANSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!
I WAS RIGHT! THE NAME ON THAT STOLEN LETTER GAVE ME A HUNCH I'D FIND THE GUY WHO SLUGGED ME ON HIS WAY HERE!


COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE, YOU WEASEL!
THIS IS FOR TURNING ON THE GAS AND TRYING TO PUT ME TO SLEEP!
UGH!
A SHORT TIME LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE SERGEANT FINDS...
WELL, I'LL BE...! SAY, THESE AREN'T REAL BULLETS! THEY'RE BLANKS!
THEN I DIDN'T KILL VAN! WHO DID?
THEN!
PAUL CONNORS, AUTHOR OF "THE MISSING CORPSE," IS THE MURDERER! AND HERE HE IS, SERGEANT!
SINCE HE WROTE THE PLAY, HE KNEW EXACTLY WHEN VERA WOULD FIRE THE PROP GUN, SO HE FIRED AT THE SAME MOMENT FROM HIS PRIVATE BOX! HERE'S HIS GUN, SILENCER AND ALL!
BUT WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE?
THIS LETTER I FOUND IN ROGERS' APARTMENT WILL EXPLAIN! CONNORS WAS JEALOUS OF VERA'S LOVE FOR VAN. SINCE SHE SPURNED HIM, CONNORS ORDERED VAN TO KEEP AWAY FROM VERA! ROGERS REFUSED, SO... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!
POLICE BLOTTER
I'M SO VERY GRATEFUL, MISS AMERICA!
FORGET IT! GET OUT OF TOWN, VERA, UNTIL PEOPLE FORGET WHAT HAPPENED! AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU!
THE END
5

UNDER HIS LID

DUST boiled up from the roaring wheels of the run-away stagecoach. The trail was narrow as it twined through the gully. Pete Willis urged the cayuse forward. It was tricky and dangerous. One slip and Pete would be ground to bits by the whirling wheels.

The stage was tearing around a bend, headed for another incline when Pete made the jump, scrambled up to the pitching driver's seat and grabbed the reins in sweating hands. He eased gently back, levered the big foot brake on. The stage slowed to a grinding halt.

Pete looked grimly down at the driver, twisted and grimed and crimsoned where the bullet had struck. The guard had fallen back where the hold-up had occurred. Pete let the tension go out of his lean body. His trail-hardened face was turned back. He'd heard the shots, had ridden up and taken the raiders by surprise. But although he'd saved the coach and whatever it contained, Pete hadn't accomplished much more. He wiped his hands, tethered his mount to the back of the stage, and again climbed to the driver's seat. Chucking to the horses, he started them once more on their way.

An excited crowd quickly grew about the coach as Pete guided the sweating horses to a stop before the livery. As he clambered down a bulky man pushed through the clamor of voices and bodies.

"Sheriff Sam Oliver's the name." The Sheriff carefully adjusted his new hat. "What's goin' on here?"

Pete indicated the stage coach, the sweating horses, the still body draped on the floor. "Somebody evidently had notions about whatever's inside."

Pete had only guessed at that. Now the sheriff, with a deputy who had joined him, opened the door of the coach and clambered inside. Pete decided that probably the coach was carrying a shipment of gold.

It was. Sheriff Oliver clambered out again, holding his hat on and puffing badly. Close-set eyes fixed themselves upon Pete's bronzed face suspiciously.

"Whoever done it," the sheriff announced, "musta knowed there was gold inside!"

Somebody said, "They got Dad Hastings. And Slim ain't with the coach. Must be back along the trail."

"How come *you* brought it in?" Sheriff Oliver demanded, his voice taking on an edge Pete didn't like.

"I just happened along in time for the argument. I stopped the coach after the shooting." Pete hesitated, then added cautiously, "That's all I know about it . . . so far."

He stabled his cayuse and walked away in search of grub. His mind drifted keenly over the past two hours. He'd been riding toward Cactus at the time of the shooting and had been in time to rifle the gun-hands off into the hills before they secured their objective. Which obviously was the gold. But there was something about the whole set-up Pete didn't like. At the moment he was unable to figure out just what that was.

After eating he returned to the stable.

"You got business here in town?" the livery keeper wanted to know.

Pete looked down. "I wasn't figurin' on any till this happened."

"I still wouldn't figger on it," the old man warned. "Takin' your life in your hands, stranger. Your business naturally, but if you're not particular where you go, I'd start right away. An' make sure it's *far* away."

Pete Willis rode off into the hills. He kept careful watch behind him but evidently no one was following. By mid-afternoon he was back at the scene of the hold-up. He'd noted a good deal when he'd ridden up. Three men with smoking guns. One of them oversized and bulky. One of Pete's slugs had almost stopped him and somewhere in the crags would be his hat.

Eventually Pete Willis found what he wanted. He dismounted to pick it up. A larger than average size hat. Peter turned it over in his hands. The bullet had ploughed through the side. Whoever had worn that lid now had a crease along the side of his head.

The sun was hot in the gully. Overhead a vulture circled on motionless wings. Pete mounted. His mind was going full-blast but he still wasn't able to reconcile his reasoning to the actual facts.

A rifle whanged. The slug buzzed angrily past Pete's ear. The cayuse leaped. Pete turned to peer back. Behind him riders were strung out along his trail.

The woods closed about Pete Willis. The cayuse was fresh and fast. Presently Pete pulled the horse to a lope. He still had the lid. As he rode Pete glanced down at it. Big size with a bullet hole in the side. Whoever had worn that hat had the mark of Pete's bullet along the side of his head.

And whoever had worn it had sent gun-hands to stop Pete before he retrieved the lid. Only Pete had gotten there first. It took time to relay orders and that time had been enough for Pete.

At the same time he realized he was now hunted. It wouldn't do much good to appeal to the sheriff. Pete knew this. Yet he'd have to take action.

Carefully Pete Willis worked back to town. It was evening now and lights blinked out from stores and the hotel. Pete dismounted at the livery stable.

"You back?" the proprietor demanded. "I thought I was doin' you a favor—"

"I'm much obliged," Pete answered. "But I got a little business to take care of. What'd they decide about the hold-up?"

"Nothin' much. They're holding the usual pow-wow down at Doc Blackburn's office right now. I hear they're lookin' fer you!"

Pete walked down the street to Doc Blackburn's office. As he entered, his eyes quickly picked out the sheriff. For an instant there was silence as Pete closed the door behind him.

The sheriff stood up, his bulky body moving with an almost unnatural ease. His eyes met Pete's and the latter realized there was trouble ahead.

"Come back, huh?" the sheriff demanded. "Saves me the trouble of sendin' out a posse. I'm chargin' you with the murder of Dad Hastings an' Slim Andrews, an' the attempted holdin' up of the stage!"

Silence fell. Pete Willis grinned. "You're ahead of yourself, sheriff," he answered quietly. "Before I started accusing anyone else I'd want to be pretty sure my own back-yard was cleaned up!"

Sam Oliver's face turned livid. His eyes narrowed. His hand hung conveniently near his holster.

Pete's glance traveled swiftly over the other faces watching him. He could pick out Doc Blackburn by his glasses and professional look. There was a deputy sheriff and others.

"I saw that hold-up," Pete explained, his eyes returning to Sam Oliver. "I couldn't save the driver or guard. But I got a shot at one of those hombres, and I winged him. I can prove that by his hat. My bullet must have creased his head. I'm ready to identify him. It's Sam Oliver!"

The sheriff's hand darted for his gun. But Pete Willis moved first and fast. The smash of his .45 was followed by silence, save for the scraping of Sam Oliver's big body as he slumped into a chair.

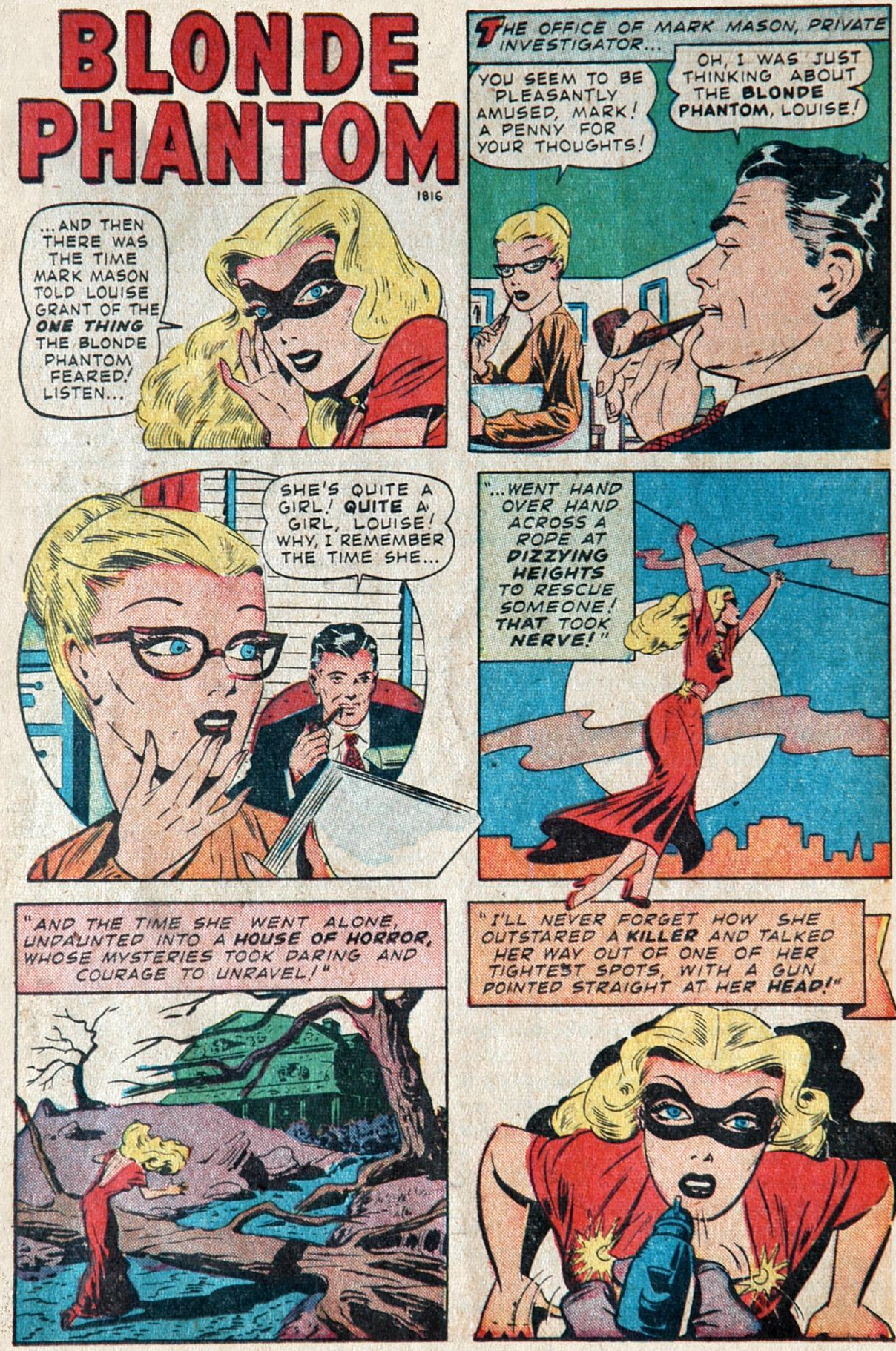
"Look at Sam's head," Pete instructed. "He's wearing a *new* hat. Because I shot his old one off. When I went to look for it he'd sent gun-hands to get it first. Or *me*. Only I beat 'em to it!"

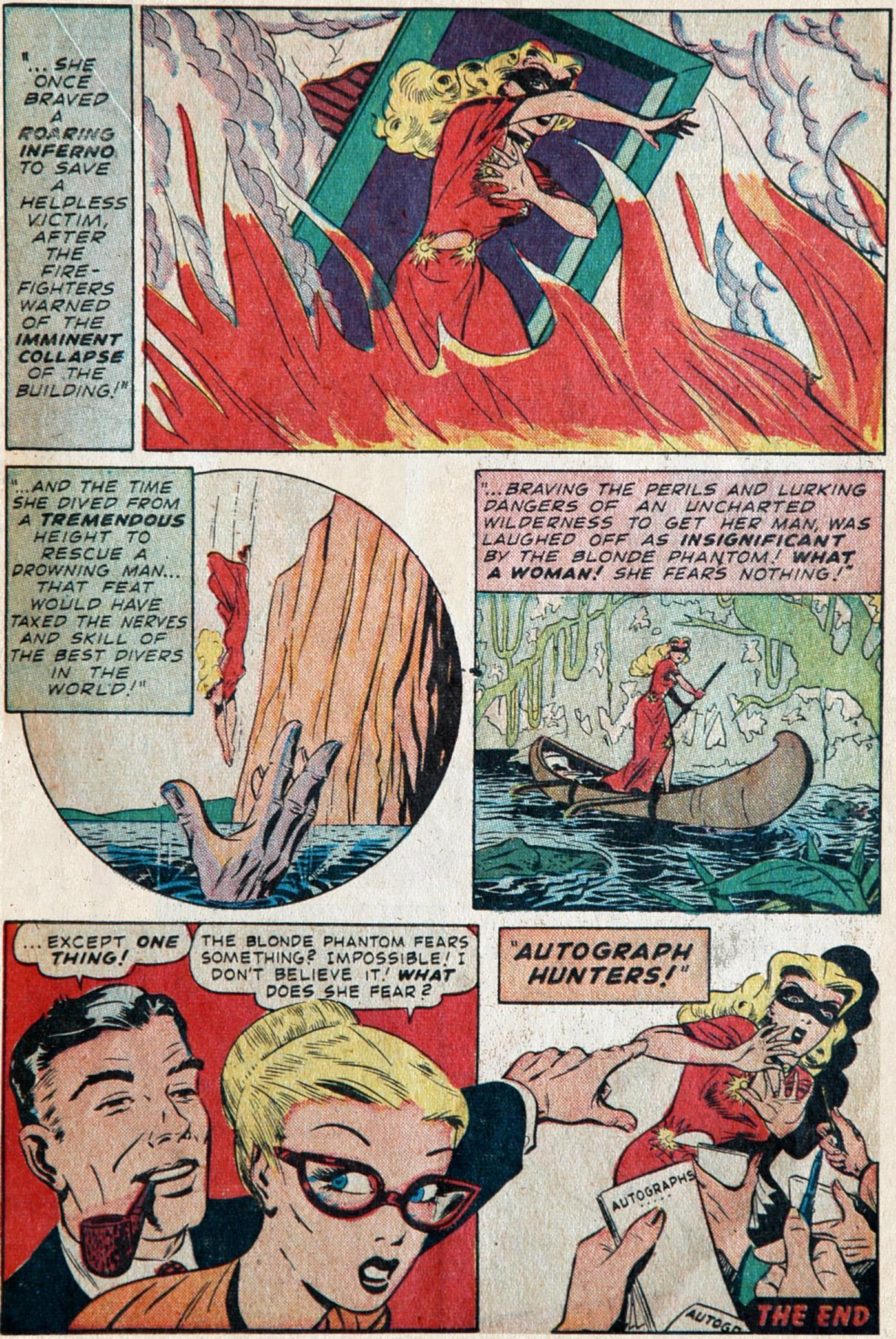
The deputy removed Sam's hat. One side of Sam's head had been bandaged narrowly.

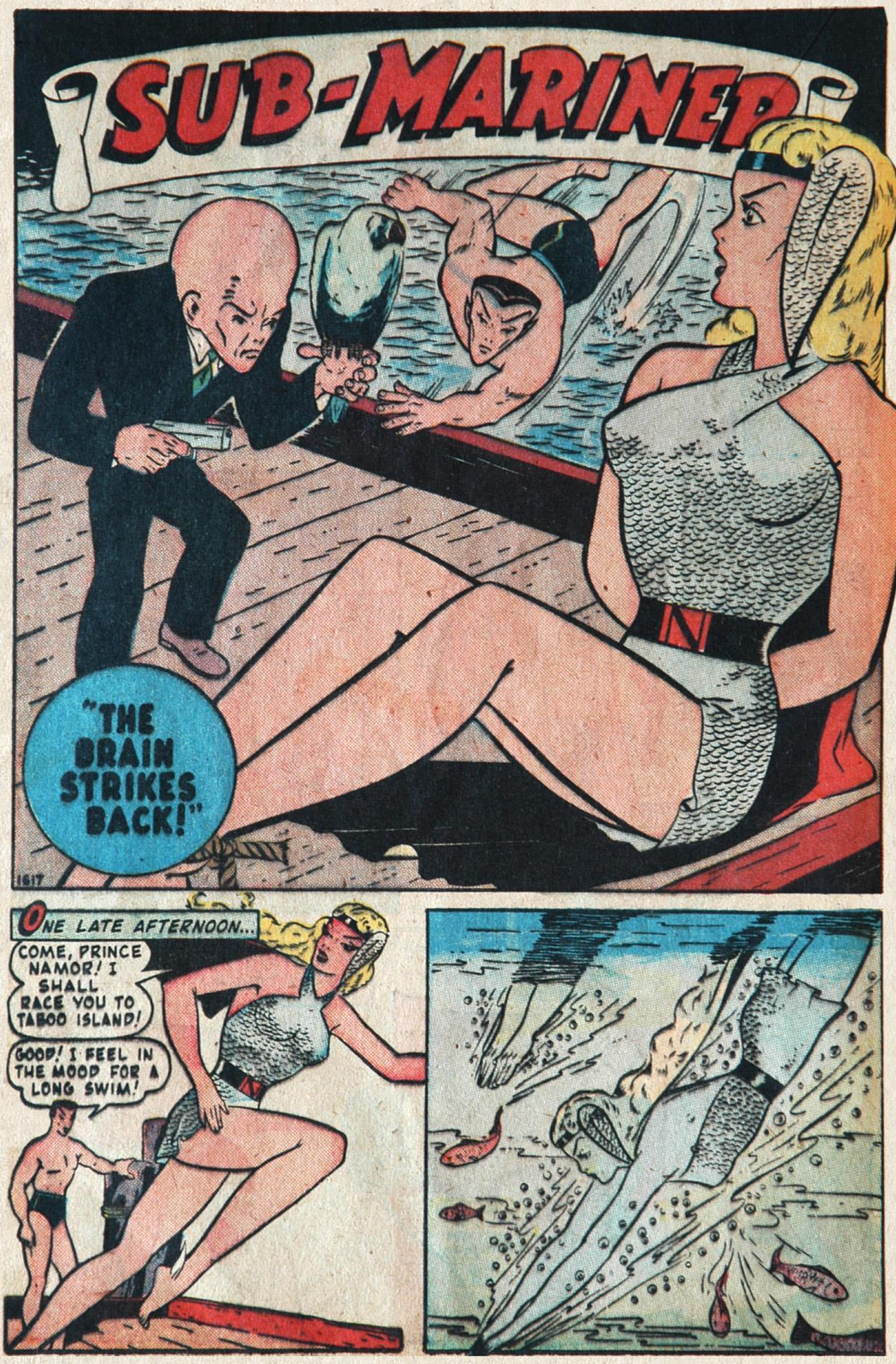
"The same side as the hole in his hat is on," Pete Willis pointed out. "He kept his guilt under his new lid, but not long enough! Do your duty, Deputy!"

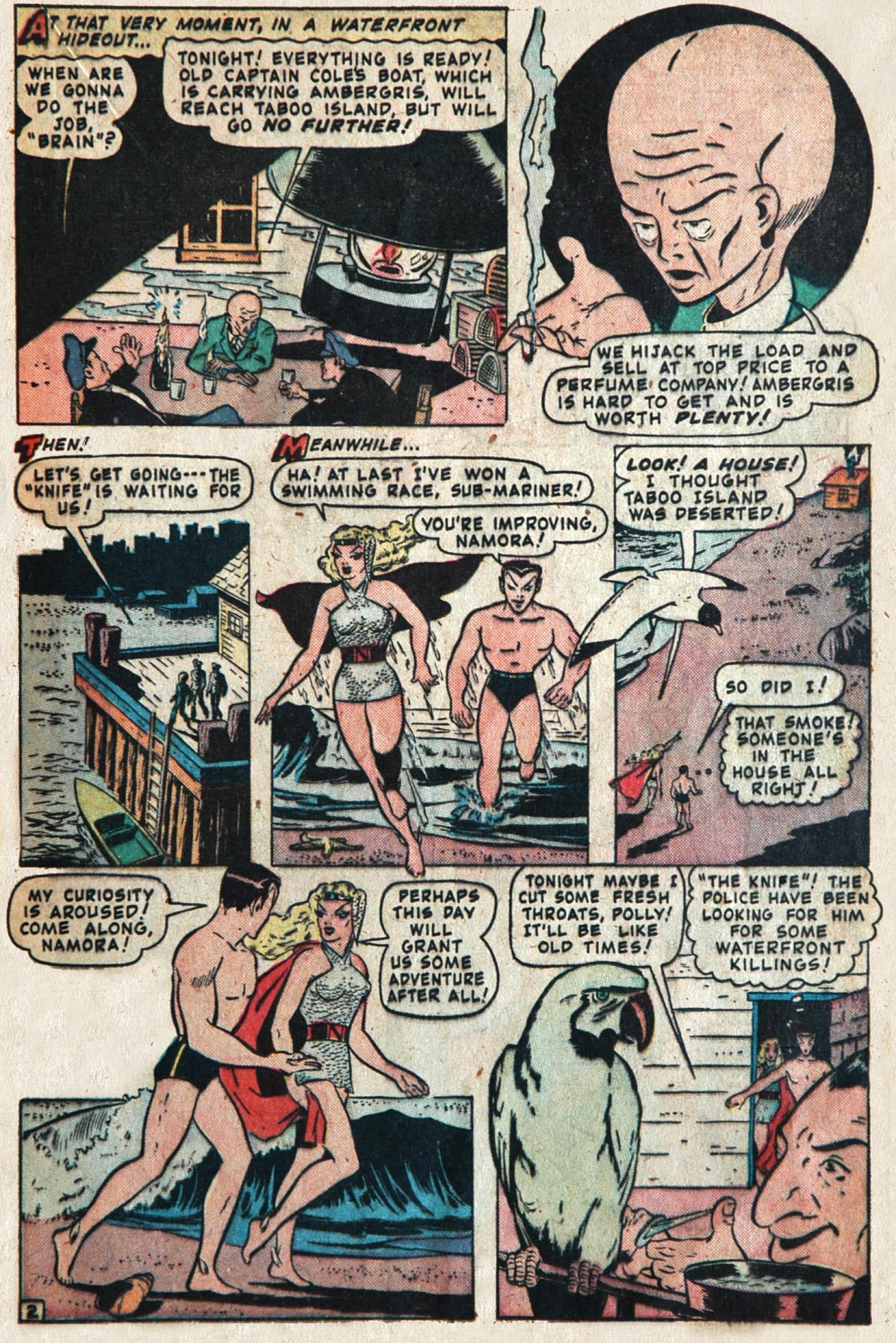
THE END

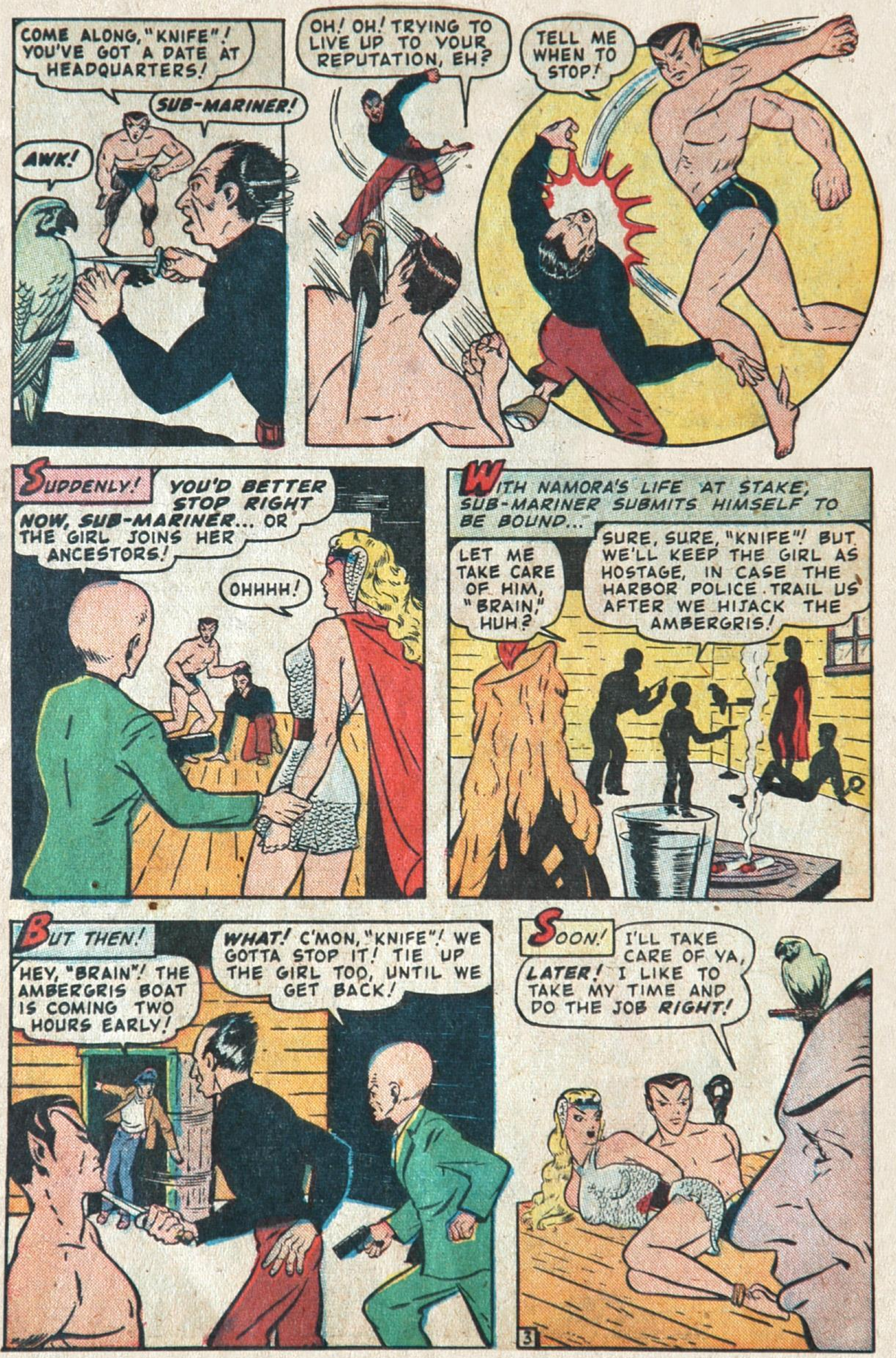
BLONDE PHANTOM

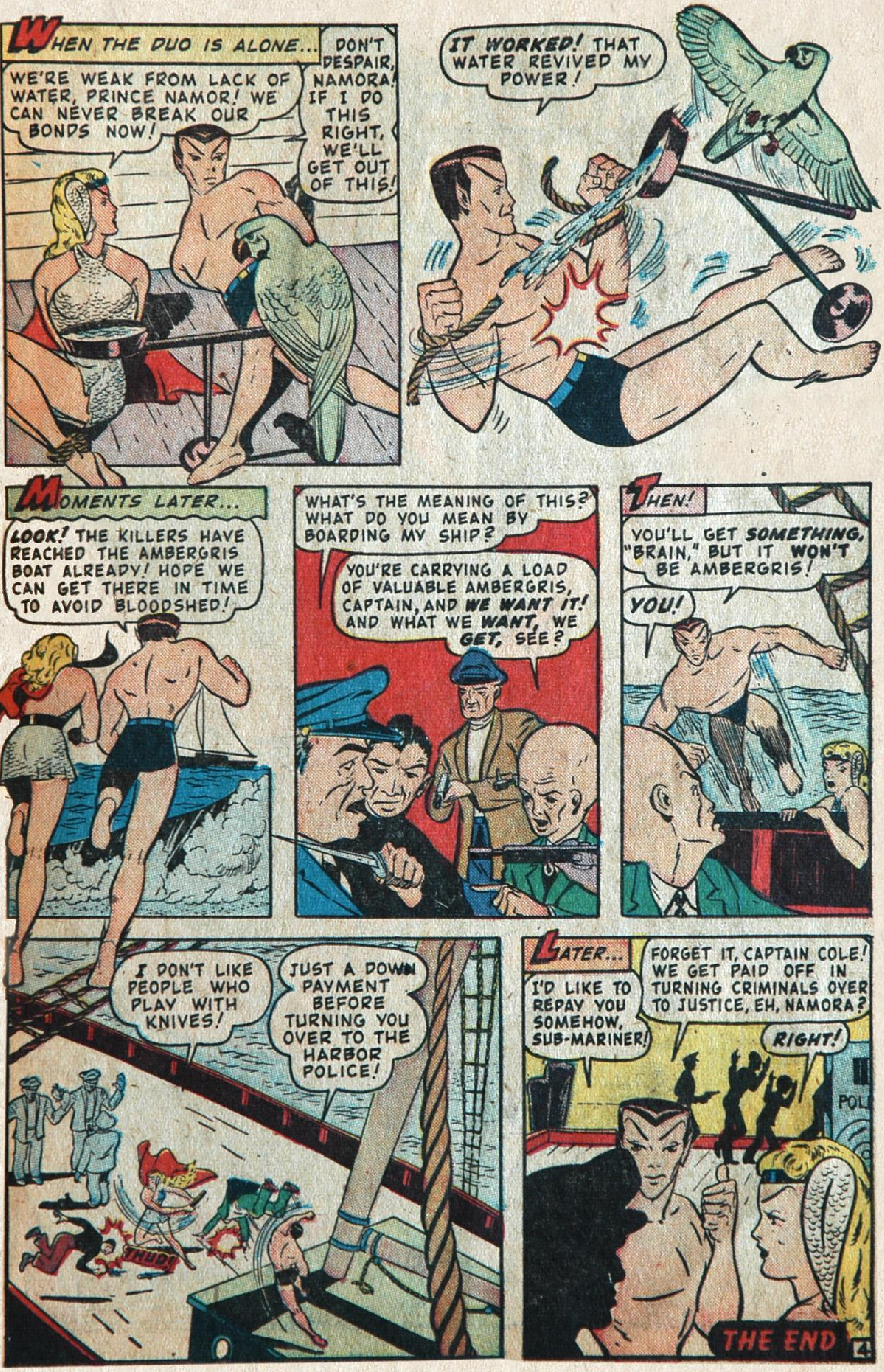

1816
...AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME MARK MASON TOLD LOUISE GRANT OF THE ONE THING THE BLONDE PHANTOM FEARED! LISTEN...
THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...
YOU SEEM TO BE PLEASANTLY AMUSED, MARK! A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!
OH, I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE BLONDE PHANTOM, LOUISE!
SHE'S QUITE A GIRL! QUITE A GIRL, LOUISE! WHY, I REMEMBER THE TIME SHE...
"...WENT HAND OVER HAND ACROSS A ROPE AT DIZZYING HEIGHTS TO RESCUE SOMEONE! THAT TOOK NERVE!"
"AND THE TIME SHE WENT ALONE, UNDAUNTED INTO A HOUSE OF HORROR, WHOSE MYSTERIES TOOK DARING AND COURAGE TO UNRAVEL!"
"I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW SHE OUTSTARED A KILLER AND TALKED HER WAY OUT OF ONE OF HER TIGHTEST SPOTS, WITH A GUN POINTED STRAIGHT AT HER HEAD!"

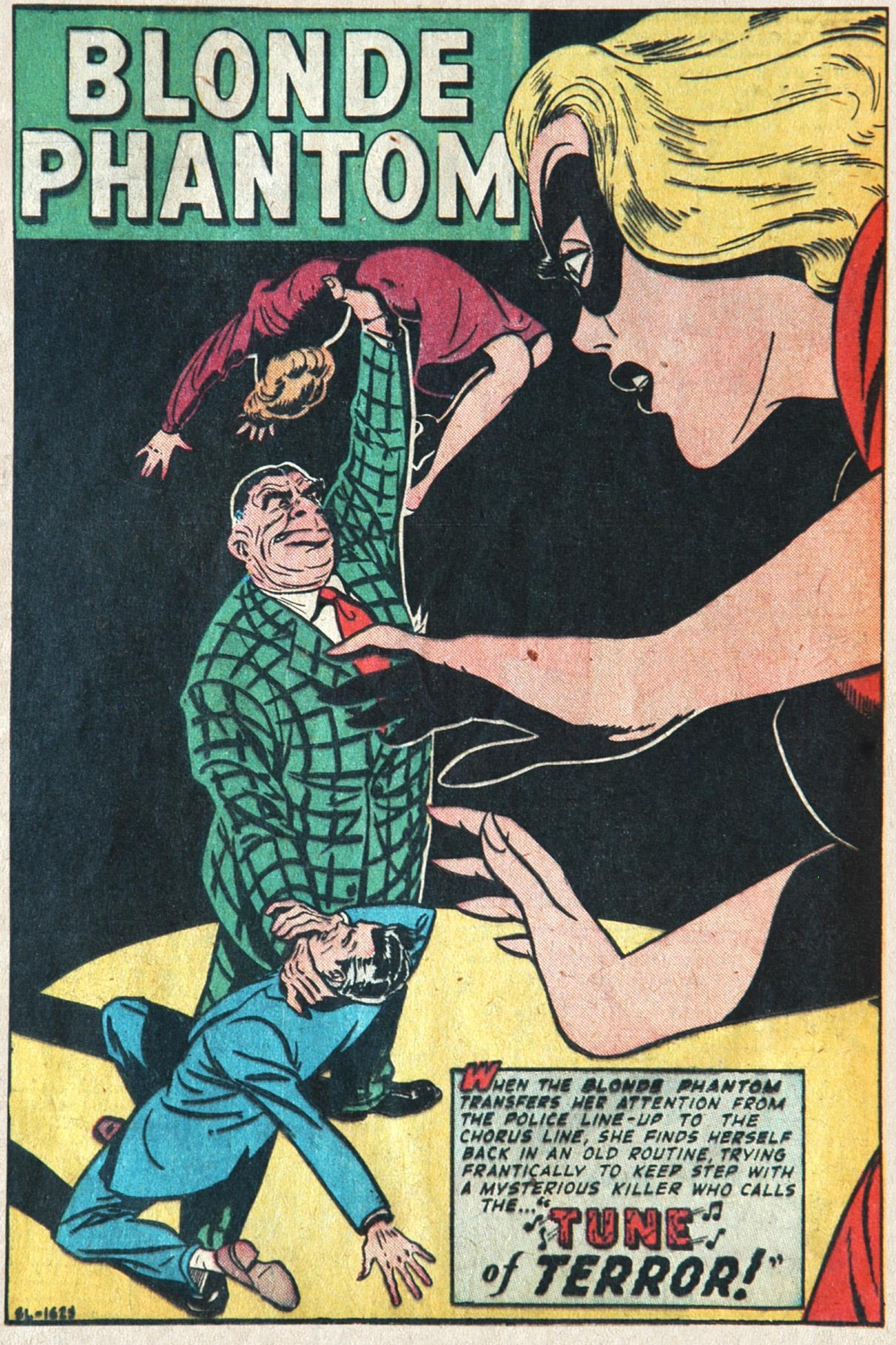

"...SHE ONCE BRAVED A ROARING INFERNO TO SAVE A HELDLESS VICTIM, AFTER THE FIRE-FIGHTERS WARNED OF THE IMMINENT COLLAPSE OF THE BUILDING!"
"...AND THE TIME SHE DIVED FROM A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT TO RESCUE A DROWNING MAN... THAT FEAT WOULD HAVE TAXED THE NERVES AND SKILL OF THE BEST DIVERS IN THE WORLD!"
"...BRAVING THE PERILS AND LURKING DANGERS OF AN UNCHARTED WILDERNESS TO GET HER MAN, WAS LAUGHED OFF AS INSIGNIFICANT BY THE BLONDE PHANTOM! WHAT A WOMAN! SHE FEARS NOTHING!"
...EXCEPT ONE THING!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM FEARS SOMETHING? IMPOSSIBLE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WHAT DOES SHE FEAR?
"AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS!"
AUTOGRAPHS
AUTOGR
THE END

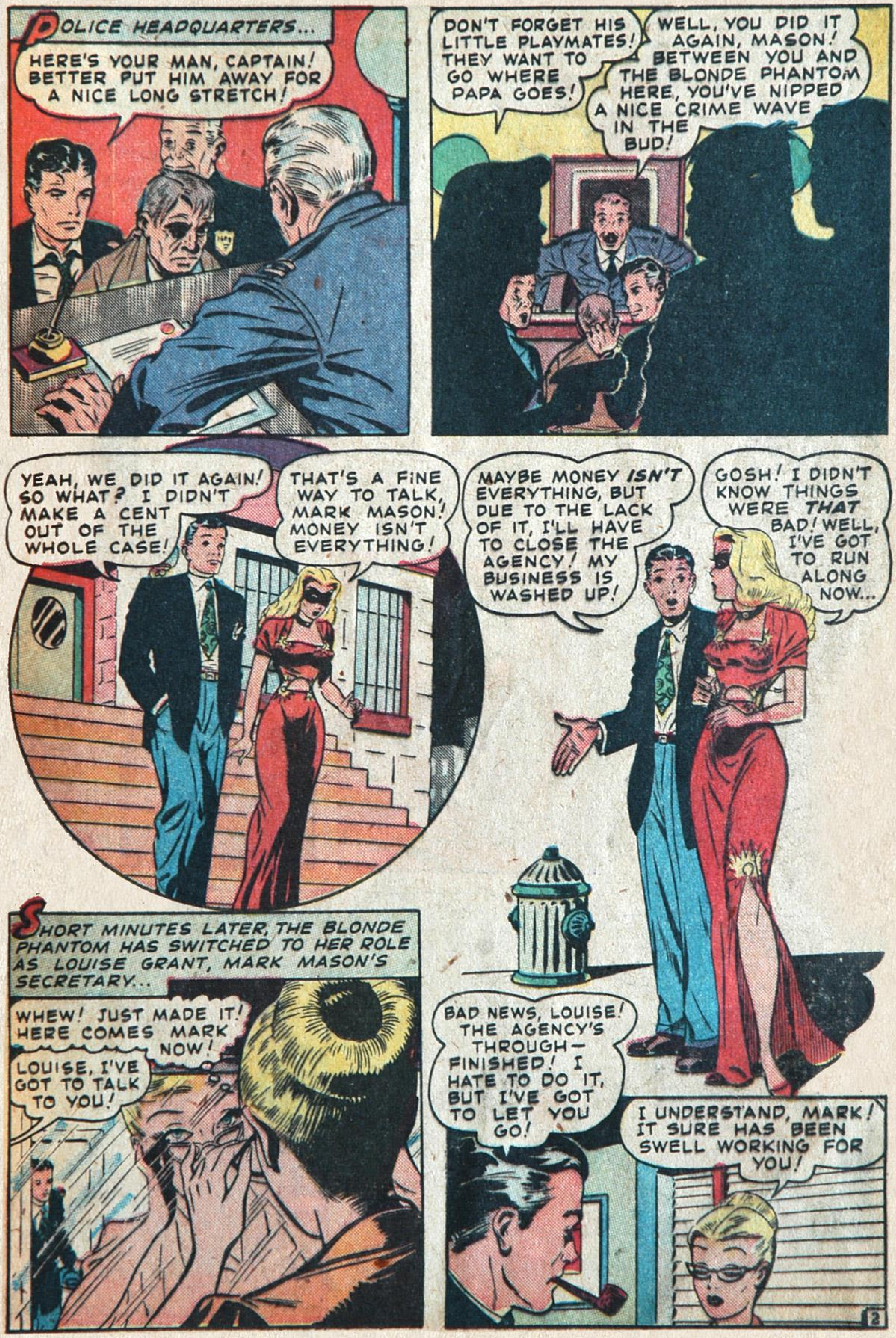

SUB-MARINER
"THE BRAIN STRIKES BACK!"
1617
ONE LATE AFTERNOON...
COME, PRINCE NAMOR! I SHALL RACE YOU TO TABOO ISLAND!
GOOD! I FEEL IN THE MOOD FOR A LONG SWIM!

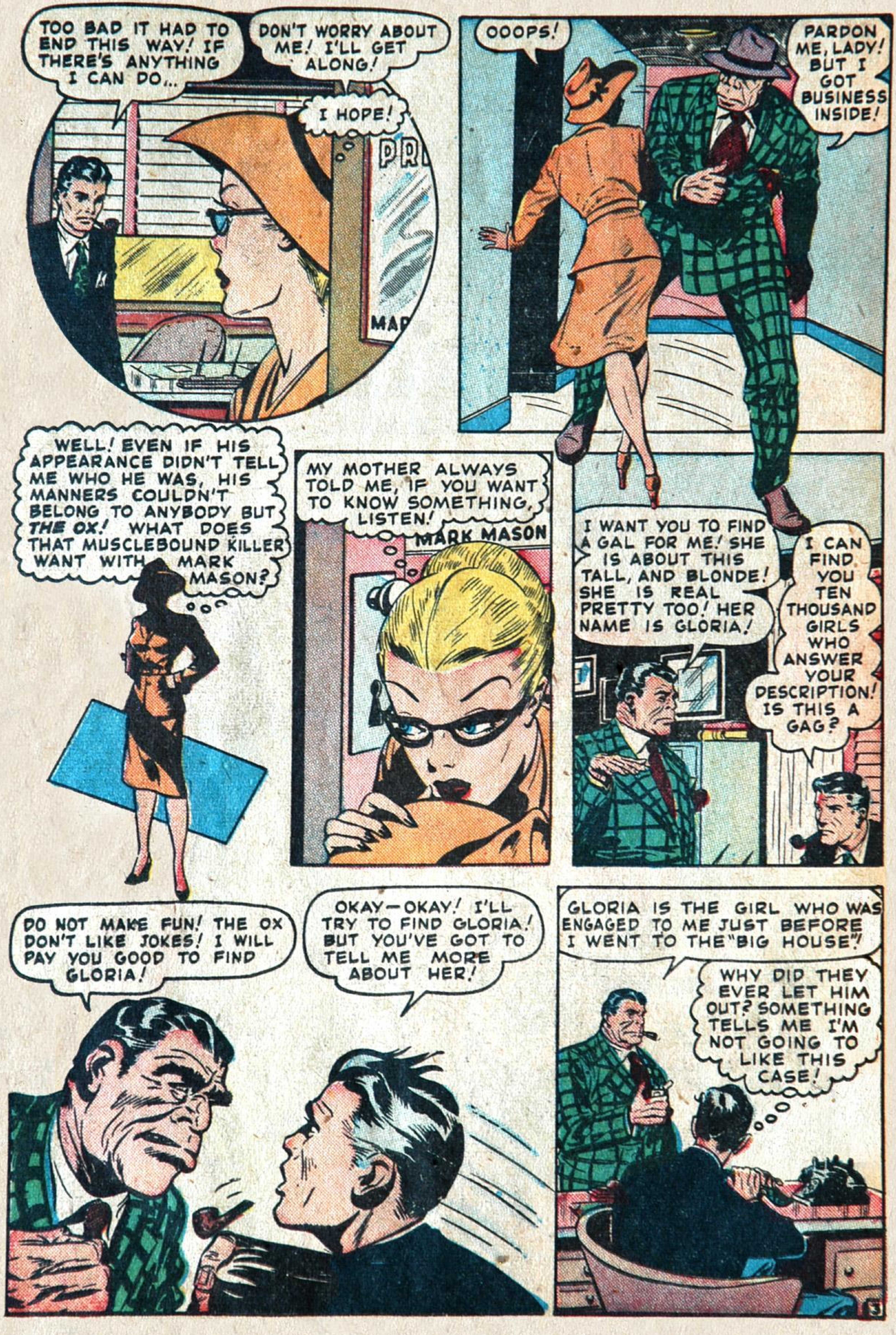

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A WATERFRONT HIDEOUT...
WHEN ARE WE GONNA DO THE JOB, "BRAIN"?
TONIGHT! EVERYTHING IS READY! OLD CAPTAIN COLE'S BOAT, WHICH IS CARRYING AMBERGRIS, WILL REACH TABOO ISLAND, BUT WILL GO NO FURTHER!
WE HIJACK THE LOAD AND SELL AT TOP PRICE TO A PERFUME COMPANY! AMBERGRIS IS HARD TO GET AND IS WORTH PLENTY!
THEN!
LET'S GET GOING--- THE "KNIFE" IS WAITING FOR US!
MEANWHILE...
HA! AT LAST I'VE WON A SWIMMING RACE, SUB-MARINER!
YOU'RE IMPROVING, NAMORA!
LOOK! A HOUSE! I THOUGHT TABOO ISLAND WAS DESERTED!
SO DID I!
THAT SMOKE! SOMEONE'S IN THE HOUSE ALL RIGHT!
MY CURIOSITY IS AROUSED! COME ALONG, NAMORA!
PERHAPS THIS DAY WILL GRANT US SOME ADVENTURE AFTER ALL!
TONIGHT MAYBE I CUT SOME FRESH THROATS, POLLY! IT'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES!
"THE KNIFE"! THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR SOME WATERFRONT KILLINGS!

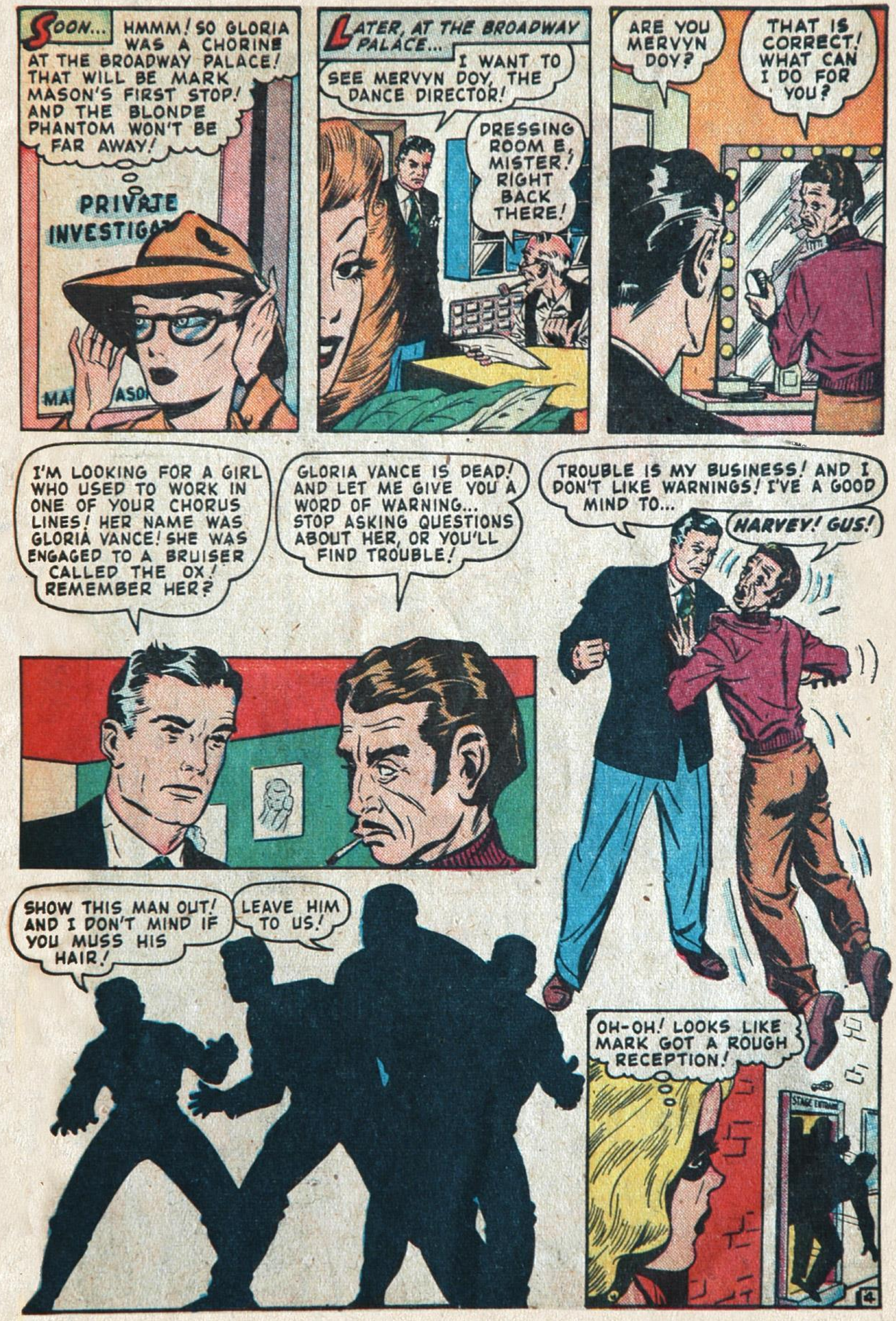

COME ALONG, "KNIFE"! YOU'VE GOT A DATE AT HEADQUARTERS!
SUB-MARINER!
AWK!
OH! OH! TRYING TO LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION, EH?
TELL ME WHEN TO STOP!
SUDDENLY!
YOU'D BETTER STOP RIGHT NOW, SUB-MARINER... OR THE GIRL JOINS HER ANCESTORS!
OHHHH!
WITH NAMORA'S LIFE AT STAKE, SUB-MARINER SUBMITS HIMSELF TO BE BOUND...
LET ME TAKE CARE OF HIM, "BRAIN," HUH?
SURE, SURE, "KNIFE"! BUT WE'LL KEEP THE GIRL AS HOSTAGE, IN CASE THE HARBOR POLICE TRAIL US AFTER WE HIJACK THE AMBERGRIS!
BUT THEN!
HEY, "BRAIN"! THE AMBERGRIS BOAT IS COMING TWO HOURS EARLY!
WHAT! C'MON, "KNIFE"! WE GOTTA STOP IT! TIE UP THE GIRL TOO, UNTIL WE GET BACK!
SOON!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YA, LATER! I LIKE TO TAKE MY TIME AND DO THE JOB RIGHT!

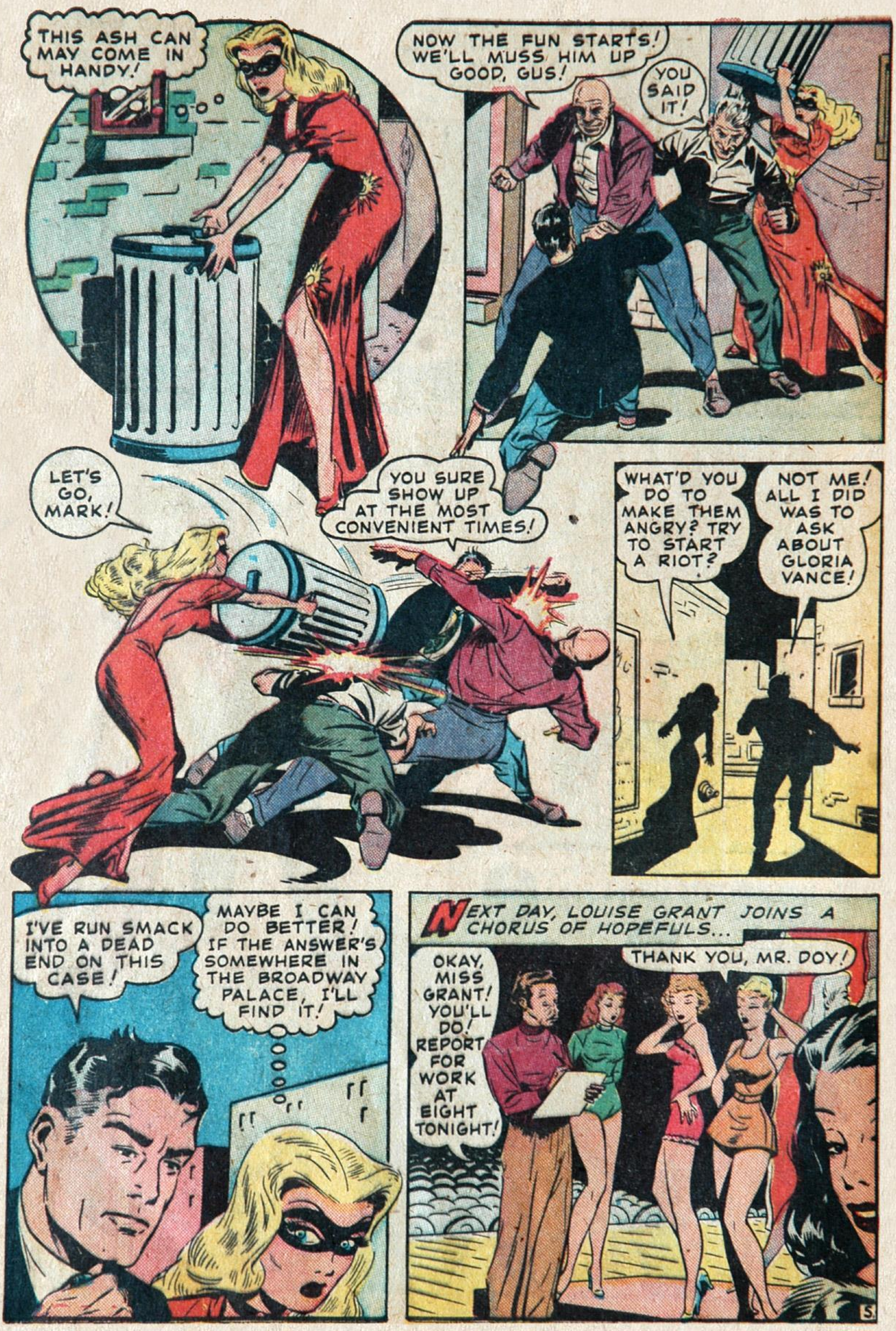

WHEN THE DUO IS ALONE...
WE'RE WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER, PRINCE NAMOR! WE CAN NEVER BREAK OUR BONDS NOW!
DON'T DESPAIR, NAMORA! IF I DO THIS RIGHT, WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS!
IT WORKED! THAT WATER REVIVED MY POWER!
MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK! THE KILLERS HAVE REACHED THE AMBERGRIS BOAT ALREADY! HOPE WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME TO AVOID BLOODSHED!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BOARDING MY SHIP?
YOU'RE CARRYING A LOAD OF VALUABLE AMBERGRIS, CAPTAIN, AND WE WANT IT! AND WHAT WE WANT, WE GET, SEE?
THEN!
YOU'LL GET SOMETHING, "BRAIN," BUT IT WON'T BE AMBERGRIS!
YOU!
I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO PLAY WITH KNIVES!
JUST A DOWN PAYMENT BEFORE TURNING YOU OVER TO THE HARBOR POLICE!
THUD!
LATER...
I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU SOMEHOW, SUB-MARINER!
FORGET IT, CAPTAIN COLE! WE GET PAID OFF IN TURNING CRIMINALS OVER TO JUSTICE, EH, NAMORA?
RIGHT!
POL
THE END

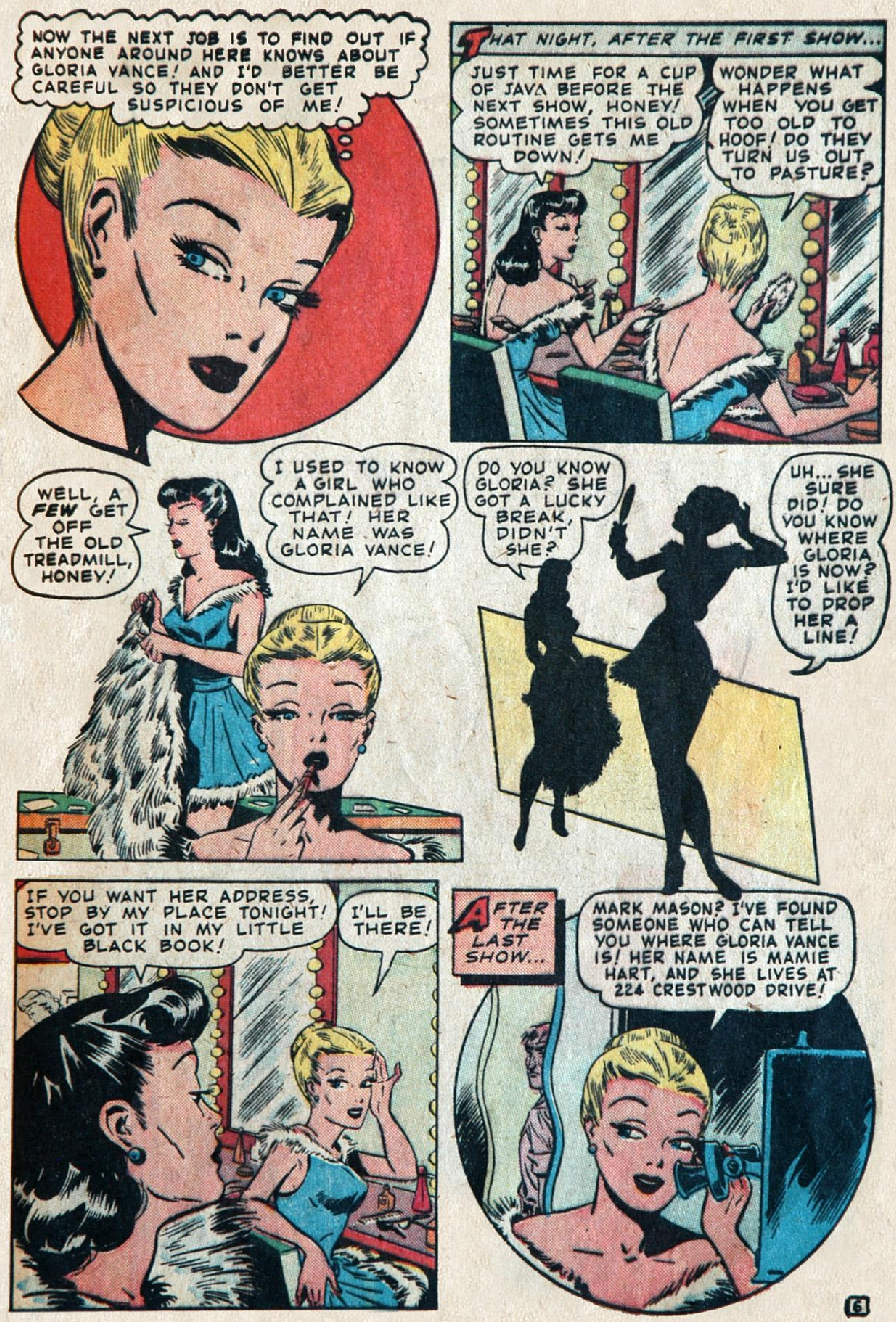

BLONDE PHANTOM
WHEN THE BLONDE PHANTOM TRANSFERS HER ATTENTION FROM THE POLICE LINE-UP TO THE CHORUS LINE, SHE FINDS HERSELF BACK IN AN OLD ROUTINE, TRYING FRANTICALLY TO KEEP STEP WITH A MYSTERIOUS KILLER WHO CALLS THE..."TUNE of TERROR!"
SL-1629

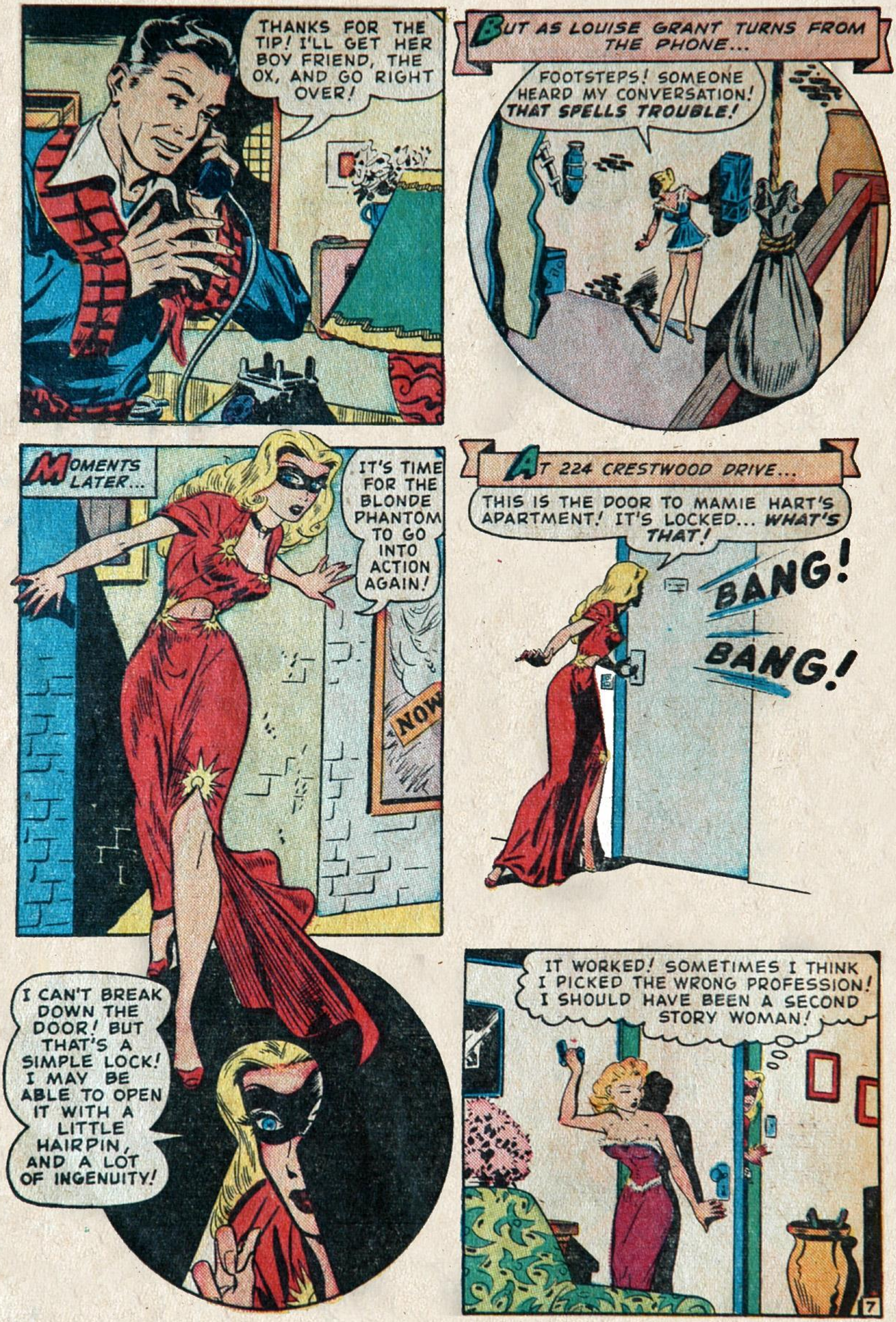

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
HERE'S YOUR MAN, CAPTAIN! BETTER PUT HIM AWAY FOR A NICE LONG STRETCH!
DON'T FORGET HIS LITTLE PLAYMATES! THEY WANT TO GO WHERE PAPA GOES!
WELL, YOU DID IT AGAIN, MASON! BETWEEN YOU AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM HERE, YOU'VE NIPPED A NICE CRIME WAVE IN THE BUD!
YEAH, WE DID IT AGAIN! SO WHAT? I DIDN'T MAKE A CENT OUT OF THE WHOLE CASE!
THAT'S A FINE WAY TO TALK, MARK MASON! MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING!
MAYBE MONEY *ISN'T* EVERYTHING, BUT DUE TO THE LACK OF IT, I'LL HAVE TO CLOSE THE AGENCY! MY BUSINESS IS WASHED UP!
GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW THINGS WERE *THAT* BAD! WELL, I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG NOW...
SHORT MINUTES LATER, THE BLONDE PHANTOM HAS SWITCHED TO HER ROLE AS LOUISE GRANT, MARK MASON'S SECRETARY...
WHEW! JUST MADE IT! HERE COMES MARK NOW!
LOUISE, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!
BAD NEWS, LOUISE! THE AGENCY'S THROUGH— FINISHED! I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'VE GOT TO LET YOU GO!
I UNDERSTAND, MARK! IT SURE HAS BEEN SWELL WORKING FOR YOU!
2

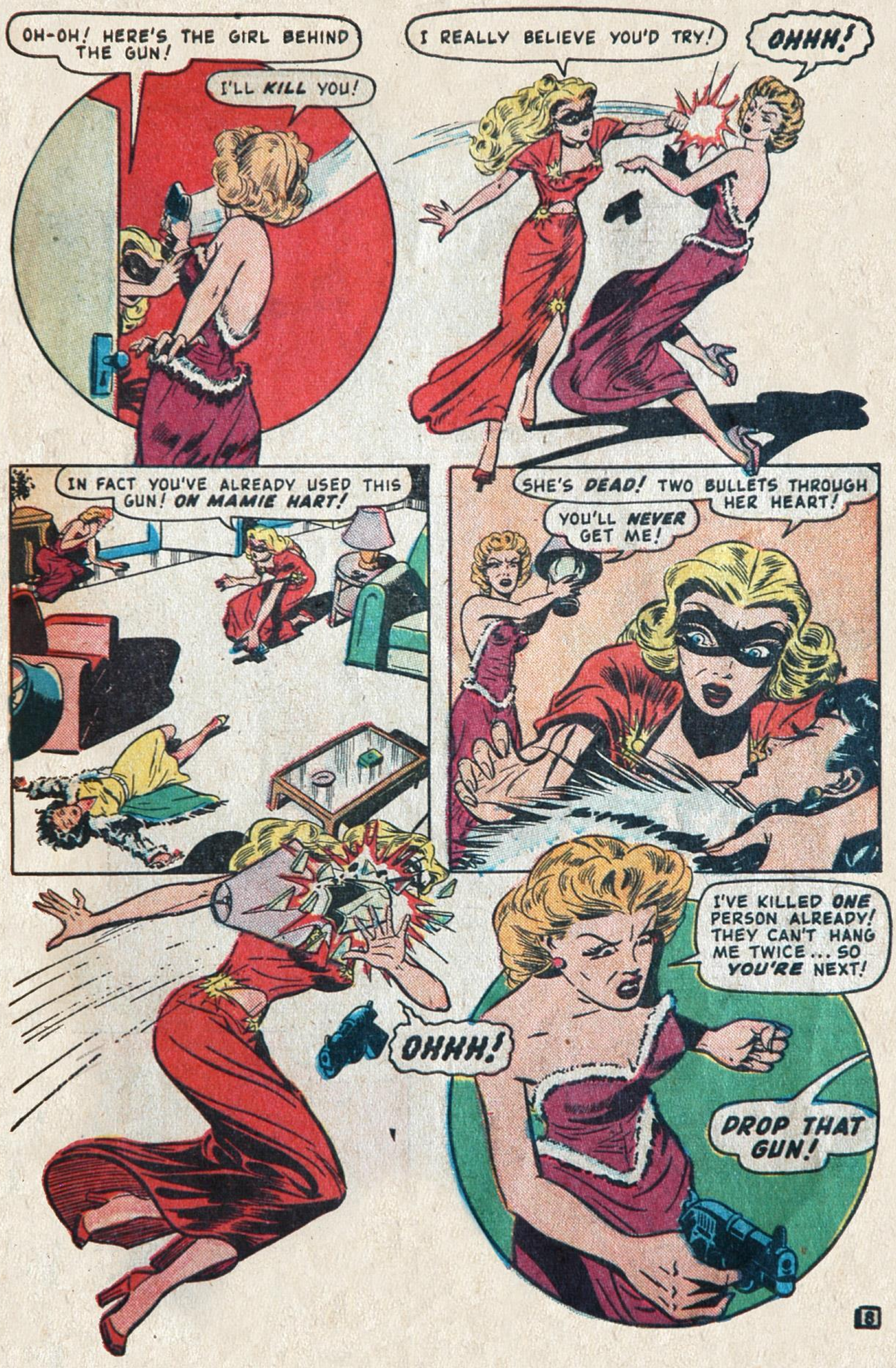

TOO BAD IT HAD TO END THIS WAY! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'LL GET ALONG!
I HOPE!
PR
MAR
OOOPS!
PARDON ME, LADY! BUT I GOT BUSINESS INSIDE!
WELL! EVEN IF HIS APPEARANCE DIDN'T TELL ME WHO HE WAS, HIS MANNERS COULDN'T BELONG TO ANYBODY BUT ***THE OX!*** WHAT DOES THAT MUSCLEBOUND KILLER WANT WITH MARK MASON?
MY MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING, LISTEN!
MARK MASON
I WANT YOU TO FIND A GAL FOR ME! SHE IS ABOUT THIS TALL, AND BLONDE! SHE IS REAL PRETTY TOO! HER NAME IS GLORIA!
I CAN FIND YOU TEN THOUSAND GIRLS WHO ANSWER YOUR DESCRIPTION! IS THIS A GAG?
DO NOT MAKE FUN! THE OX DON'T LIKE JOKES! I WILL PAY YOU GOOD TO FIND GLORIA!
OKAY—OKAY! I'LL TRY TO FIND GLORIA! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME MORE ABOUT HER!
GLORIA IS THE GIRL WHO WAS ENGAGED TO ME JUST BEFORE I WENT TO THE "BIG HOUSE"!
WHY DID THEY EVER LET HIM OUT? SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS CASE!

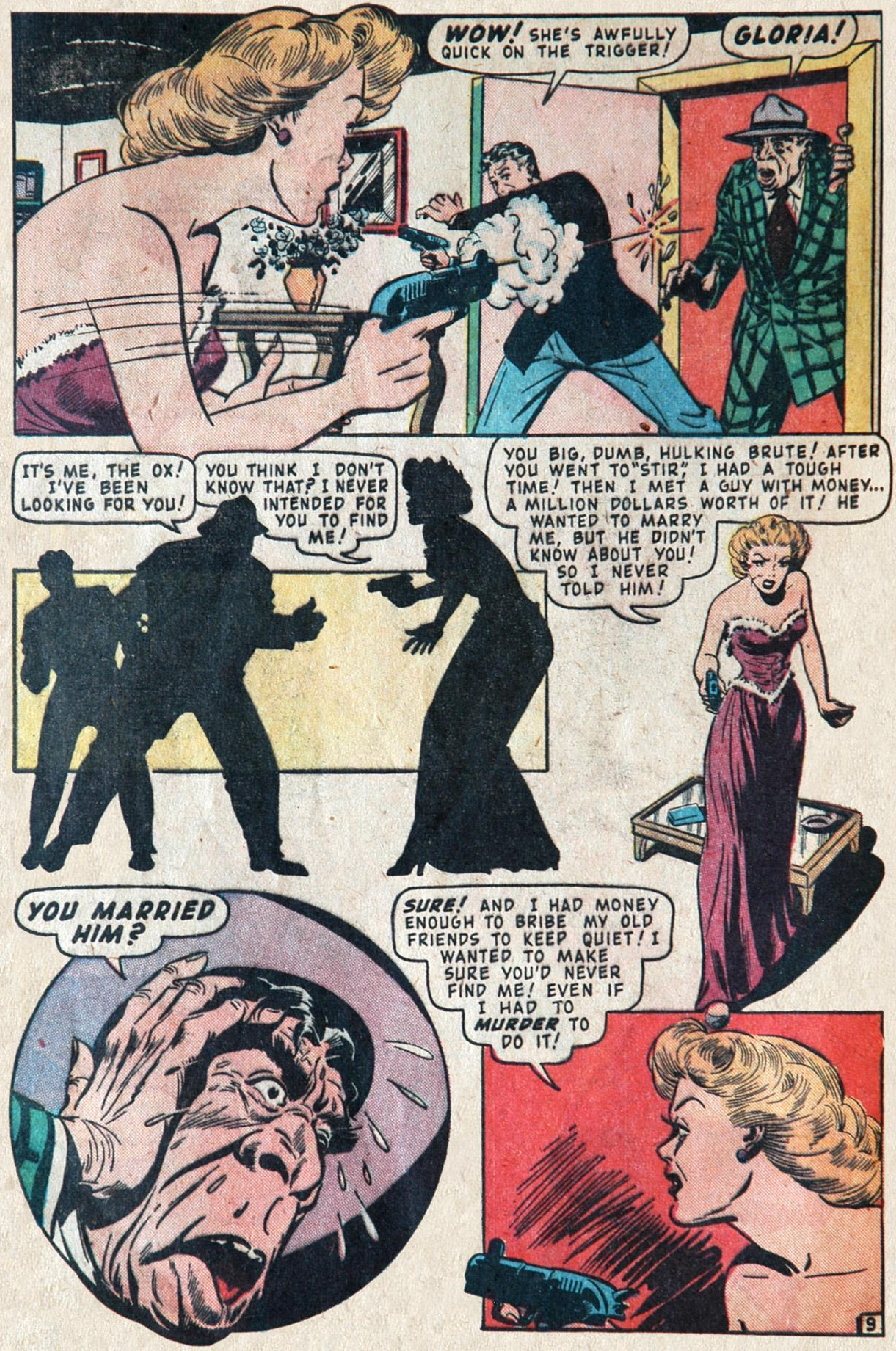

SOON...
HMMM! SO GLORIA WAS A CHORINE AT THE BROADWAY PALACE! THAT WILL BE MARK MASON'S FIRST STOP! AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM WON'T BE FAR AWAY!
PRIVATE INVESTIGA
MA ASO
LATER, AT THE BROADWAY PALACE...
I WANT TO SEE MERVYN DOY, THE DANCE DIRECTOR!
DRESSING ROOM E, MISTER! RIGHT BACK THERE!
ARE YOU MERVYN DOY?
THAT IS CORRECT! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL WHO USED TO WORK IN ONE OF YOUR CHORUS LINES! HER NAME WAS GLORIA VANCE! SHE WAS ENGAGED TO A BRUISER CALLED THE OX! REMEMBER HER?
GLORIA VANCE IS DEAD! AND LET ME GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING... STOP ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT HER, OR YOU'LL FIND TROUBLE!
TROUBLE IS MY BUSINESS! AND I DON'T LIKE WARNINGS! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO...
HARVEY! GUS!
SHOW THIS MAN OUT! AND I DON'T MIND IF YOU MUSS HIS HAIR!
LEAVE HIM TO US!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE MARK GOT A ROUGH RECEPTION!
STAGE ENTRANCE
4

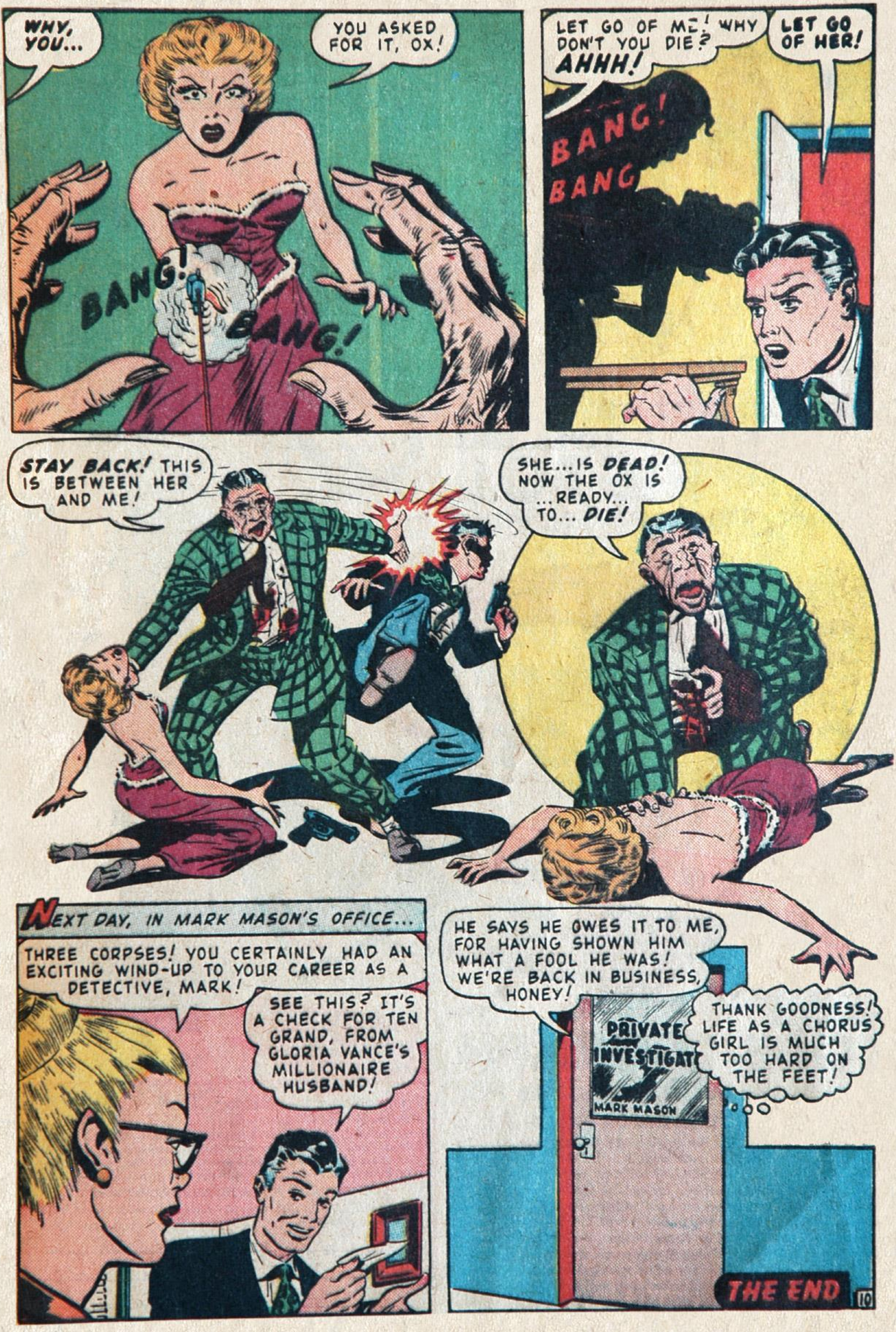

THIS ASH CAN MAY COME IN HANDY!
NOW THE FUN STARTS! WE'LL MUSS HIM UP GOOD, GUS!
YOU SAID IT!
LET'S GO, MARK!
YOU SURE SHOW UP AT THE MOST CONVENIENT TIMES!
WHAT'D YOU DO TO MAKE THEM ANGRY? TRY TO START A RIOT?
NOT ME! ALL I DID WAS TO ASK ABOUT GLORIA VANCE!
I'VE RUN SMACK INTO A DEAD END ON THIS CASE!
MAYBE I CAN DO BETTER! IF THE ANSWER'S SOMEWHERE IN THE BROADWAY PALACE, I'LL FIND IT!
NEXT DAY, LOUISE GRANT JOINS A CHORUS OF HOPEFULS...
OKAY, MISS GRANT! YOU'LL DO! REPORT FOR WORK AT EIGHT TONIGHT!
THANK YOU, MR. DOY!
5.

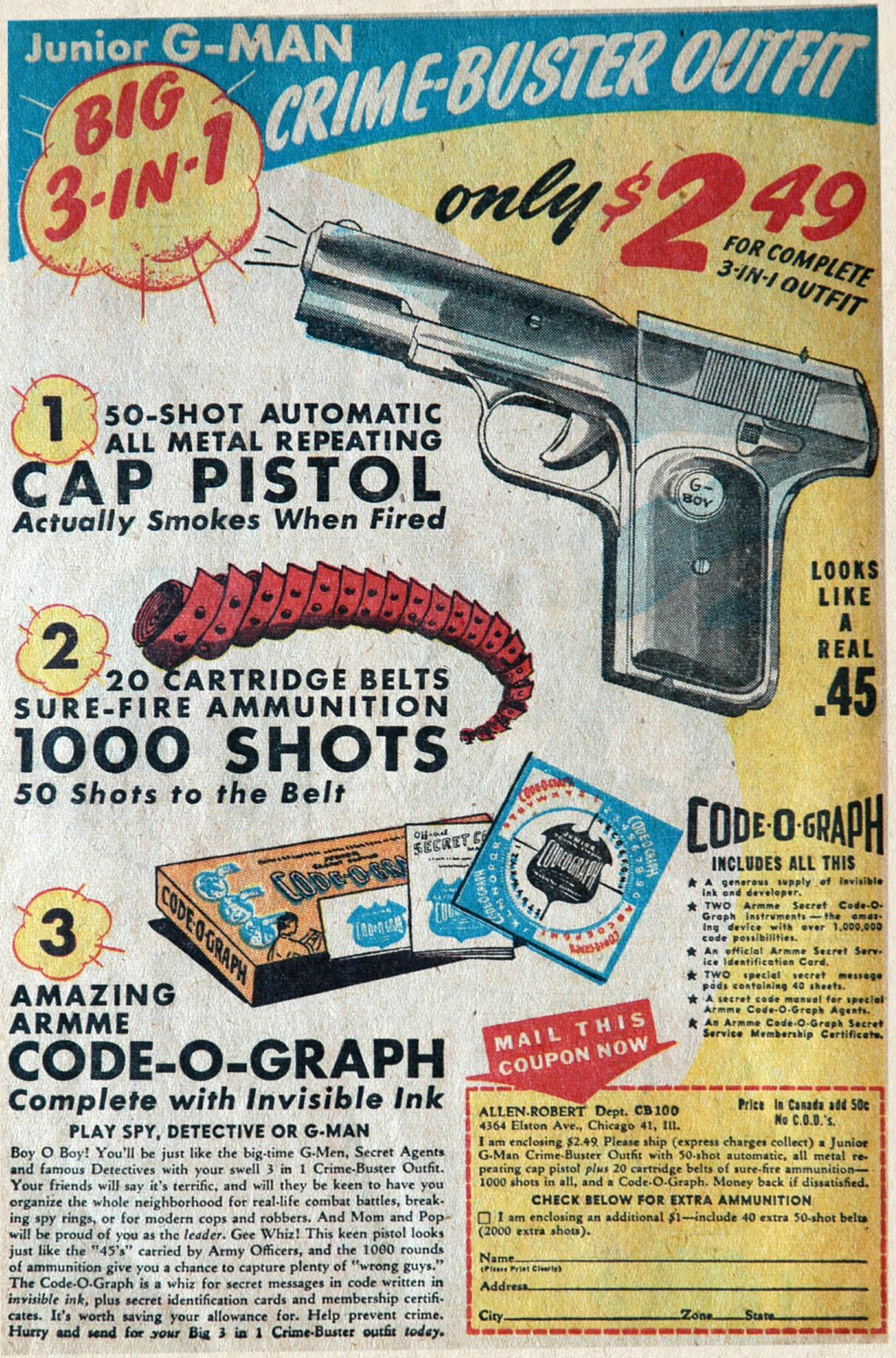

NOW THE NEXT JOB IS TO FIND OUT IF ANYONE AROUND HERE KNOWS ABOUT GLORIA VANCE! AND I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL SO THEY DON'T GET SUSPICIOUS OF ME!
THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE FIRST SHOW...
JUST TIME FOR A CUP OF JAVA BEFORE THE NEXT SHOW, HONEY! SOMETIMES THIS OLD ROUTINE GETS ME DOWN!
WONDER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET TOO OLD TO HOOF! DO THEY TURN US OUT TO PASTURE?
WELL, A *FEW* GET OFF THE OLD TREADMILL, HONEY!
I USED TO KNOW A GIRL WHO COMPLAINED LIKE THAT! HER NAME WAS GLORIA VANCE!
DO YOU KNOW GLORIA? SHE GOT A LUCKY BREAK, DIDN'T SHE?
UH... SHE SURE DID! DO YOU KNOW WHERE GLORIA IS NOW? I'D LIKE TO DROP HER A LINE!
IF YOU WANT HER ADDRESS, STOP BY MY PLACE TONIGHT! I'VE GOT IT IN MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK!
I'LL BE THERE!
AFTER THE LAST SHOW...
MARK MASON? I'VE FOUND SOMEONE WHO CAN TELL YOU WHERE GLORIA VANCE IS! HER NAME IS MAMIE HART, AND SHE LIVES AT 224 CRESTWOOD DRIVE!


THANKS FOR THE TIP! I'LL GET HER BOY FRIEND, THE OX, AND GO RIGHT OVER!
BUT AS LOUISE GRANT TURNS FROM THE PHONE...
FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE HEARD MY CONVERSATION! THAT SPELLS TROUBLE!
MOMENTS LATER...
IT'S TIME FOR THE BLONDE PHANTOM TO GO INTO ACTION AGAIN!
NOW
AT 224 CRESTWOOD DRIVE...
THIS IS THE DOOR TO MAMIE HART'S APARTMENT! IT'S LOCKED... WHAT'S THAT!
BANG!
BANG!
I CAN'T BREAK DOWN THE DOOR! BUT THAT'S A SIMPLE LOCK! I MAY BE ABLE TO OPEN IT WITH A LITTLE HAIRPIN, AND A LOT OF INGENUITY!
IT WORKED! SOMETIMES I THINK I PICKED THE WRONG PROFESSION! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SECOND STORY WOMAN!


OH-OH! HERE'S THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN!
I'LL KILL YOU!
I REALLY BELIEVE YOU'D TRY!
OHHH!
IN FACT YOU'VE ALREADY USED THIS GUN! ON MAMIE HART!
SHE'S DEAD! TWO BULLETS THROUGH HER HEART!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
OHHH!
I'VE KILLED ONE PERSON ALREADY! THEY CAN'T HANG ME TWICE ... SO YOU'RE NEXT!
DROP THAT GUN!


WOW! SHE'S AWFULLY QUICK ON THE TRIGGER!
GLORIA!
IT'S ME, THE OX! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT? I NEVER INTENDED FOR YOU TO FIND ME!
YOU BIG, DUMB, HULKING BRUTE! AFTER YOU WENT TO "STIR," I HAD A TOUGH TIME! THEN I MET A GUY WITH MONEY... A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF IT! HE WANTED TO MARRY ME, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU! SO I NEVER TOLD HIM!
YOU MARRIED HIM?
SURE! AND I HAD MONEY ENOUGH TO BRIBE MY OLD FRIENDS TO KEEP QUIET! I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU'D NEVER FIND ME! EVEN IF I HAD TO MURDER TO DO IT!


WHY, YOU...
YOU ASKED FOR IT, OX!
BANG! BANG!
LET GO OF ME! WHY DON'T YOU DIE? AHHH!
LET GO OF HER!
BANG! BANG
STAY BACK! THIS IS BETWEEN HER AND ME!
SHE...IS DEAD! NOW THE OX IS ...READY... TO... DIE!
NEXT DAY, IN MARK MASON'S OFFICE...
THREE CORPSES! YOU CERTAINLY HAD AN EXCITING WIND-UP TO YOUR CAREER AS A DETECTIVE, MARK!
SEE THIS? IT'S A CHECK FOR TEN GRAND, FROM GLORIA VANCE'S MILLIONAIRE HUSBAND!
HE SAYS HE OWES IT TO ME, FOR HAVING SHOWN HIM WHAT A FOOL HE WAS! WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS, HONEY!
PRIVATE INVESTIGAT
MARK MASON
THANK GOODNESS! LIFE AS A CHORUS GIRL IS MUCH TOO HARD ON THE FEET!
THE END



Junior G-MAN CRIME-BUSTER OUTFIT

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only $2.49 FOR COMPLETE 3-IN-1 OUTFIT

1 50-SHOT AUTOMATIC ALL METAL REPEATING

CAP PISTOL

Actually Smokes When Fired

LOOKS LIKE A REAL .45

2 20 CARTRIDGE BELTS SURE-FIRE AMMUNITION

1000 SHOTS

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3 AMAZING ARMME

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- ★ An Armme Code-O-Graph Secret Service Membership Certificate.

PLAY SPY, DETECTIVE OR G-MAN

Boy O Boy! You'll be just like the big-time G-Men, Secret Agents and famous Detectives with your swell 3 in 1 Crime-Buster Outfit. Your friends will say it's terrific, and will they be keen to have you organize the whole neighborhood for real-life combat battles, breaking spy rings, or for modern cops and robbers. And Mom and Pop will be proud of you as the *leader*. Gee Whiz! This keen pistol looks just like the "45's" carried by Army Officers, and the 1000 rounds of ammunition give you a chance to capture plenty of "wrong guys." The Code-O-Graph is a whiz for secret messages in code written in *invisible ink*, plus secret identification cards and membership certificates. It's worth saving your allowance for. Help prevent crime. **Hurry and send for *your* Big 3 in 1 Crime-Buster outfit *today*.**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

ALLEN-ROBERT Dept. CB100
4364 Elston Ave., Chicago 41, Ill.

Price In Canada add 50c
No C.O.D.'s.

I am enclosing $2.49. Please ship (express charges collect) a Junior G-Man Crime-Buster Outfit with 50-shot automatic, all metal repeating cap pistol *plus* 20 cartridge belts of sure-fire ammunition—1000 shots in all, and a Code-O-Graph. Money back if dissatisfied.

CHECK BELOW FOR EXTRA AMMUNITION

☐ I am enclosing an additional $1—include 40 extra 50-shot belts (2000 extra shots).

Name____________________
(Please Print Clearly)

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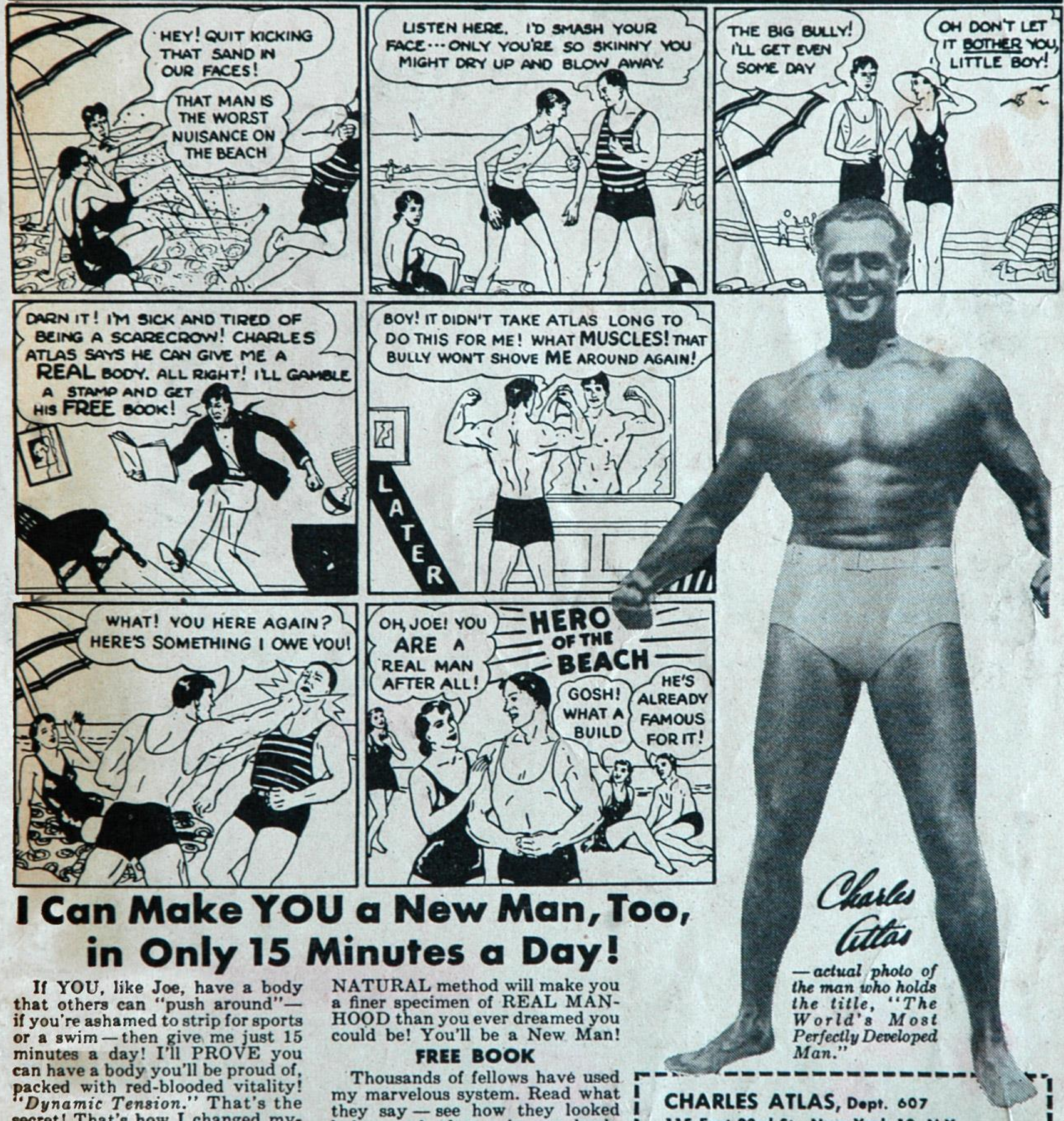
HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME


HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!
Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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Everlasting Health and Strength

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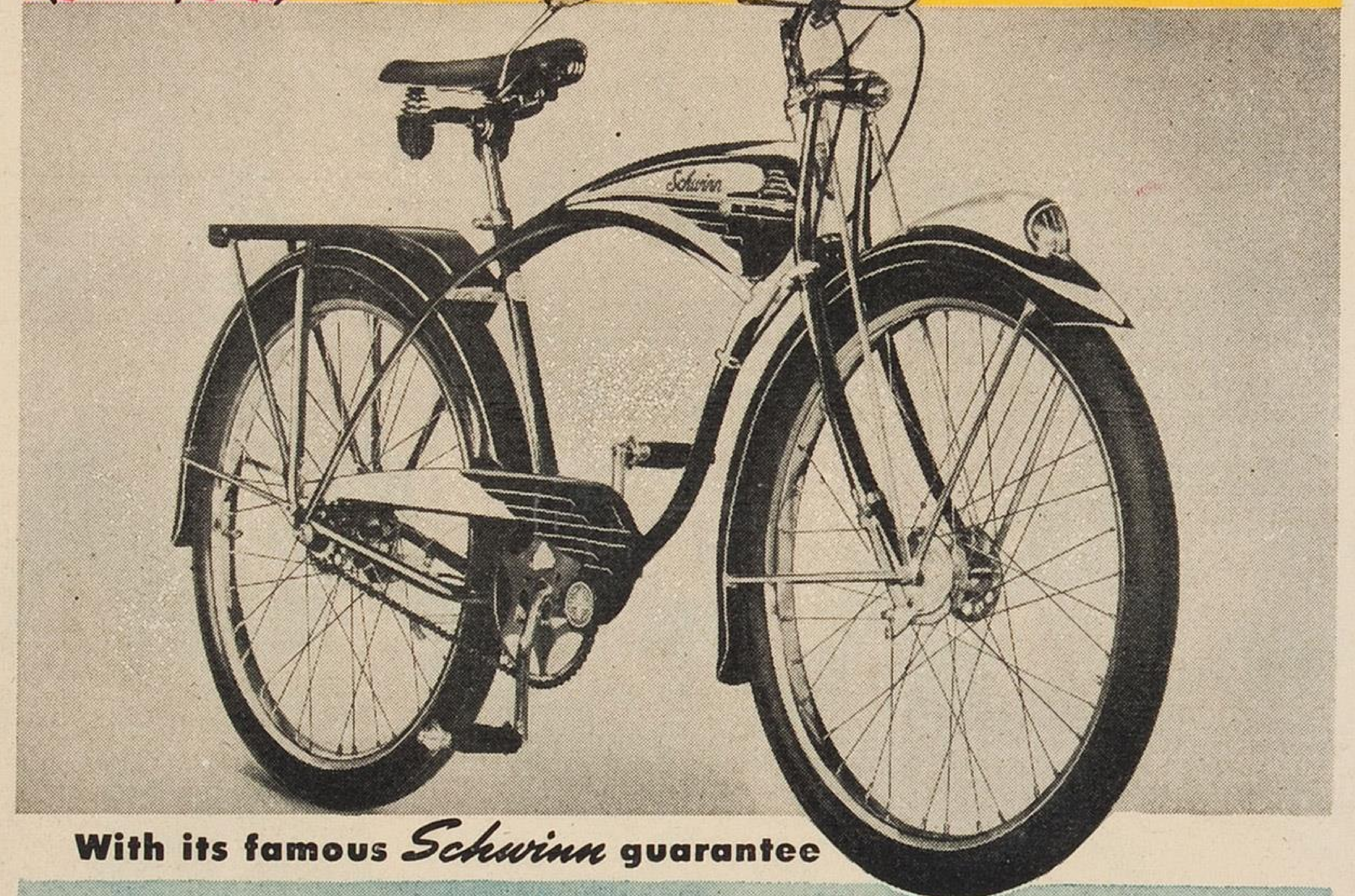

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